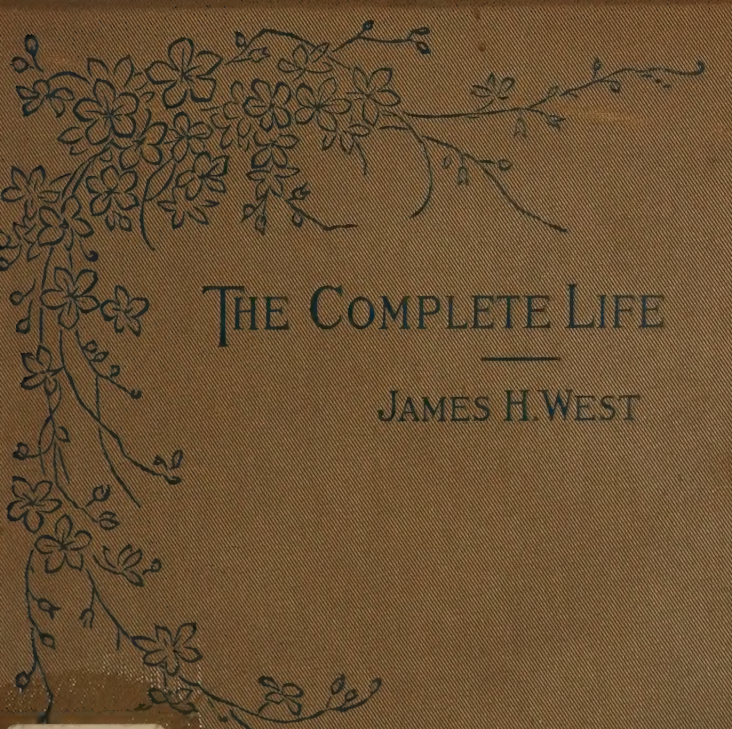

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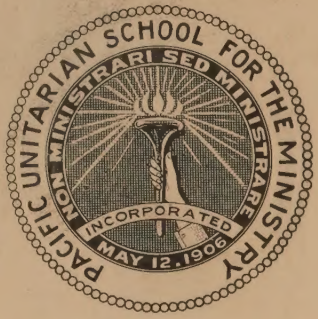

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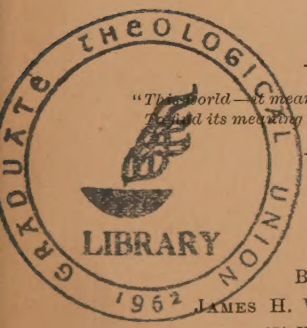

"The world—it means intensely, and means good; To-mind its meaning is my meat and drink."

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To

MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-EXPLORER,

TIMOTHY HAROLD EDDOWES,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF MANY HAPPY AFTERNOON RAMBLES,
IN SUMMER AND IN WINTER,

ABOUT FOX RIVER VALLEY, ILLINOIS,

DURING WHICH,—"EXPLORING NATURE" BOTH
OUTWARDLY AND INWARDLY,—

WE TALKED NOT SELDOM OF MATTERS SUCH AS THOSE TREATED
OF IN THIS LITTLE BOOK.

1884—1887.

6443

OH, who shall say, my brother and my friend!—
Shall e'er again our feet together hie?
Oh, blest the woodlands, blest the peaceful sky
Where oft we two, light-hearted without end,
Our eager way, as children might, would wend!
The first Spring flow'rs were those which met
our eye.
The hurrying, road-edged river running by
Ne'er failed us once—its every nook and bend
Fresh corners offered for our search and growth.
But years are flying—though they still are grand!
Be ready, friend! Ere long, perchance, we go
A farther road than any, where we both
May solve the mystery of some other land,
And wander joyous still, in quest to Know.

DULUTH, Minnesota, June, 1888.

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The Complete Life.

A LIFE complete—that is, a life perfect—has always been, in some sort, the aim and endeavor of the serious ones among men, since first, far back, man looked upward and out and dreamed of the perfect; dreamed that the better and the best might come to be. Since first he looked within his own expanding soul, and met there the Moral Ideal ever rebuking the evil in him, and urging him on to new attainment.

And not only have the men who are distinctively called "religionists" labored to this end. The scientific worker and thinker, equally with the religious worker and thinker, has urged upon men the duty of completeness—of perfection. To be sure, the method, the means, which science has proposed has been very different, oftentimes, from the method or means proposed by theology. But the end to be gained has always, in the closer view, been the same in the case of both.

Many people have not thought this to be a fact—have not seen the matter in the proper light. But consider the point a moment. What is it that theologians have always demanded? What has been the cry of the church through all the ages? "*Be ye reconciled to God.*" And what have the men of science demanded, in order that humanity might be "saved"? What is the cry of science to the world to-day, echoing above all the detail of discovery, echoing above all the minutiæ of declaration of new truth? "*Men should come into accord with their environment*";—

into accord with the highest, truest life-forces known, and with the universe's developing soul-forces.

Theology says "God." Science says "Nature." But both say "*Come*." Both speak of harmony, of communion, of accord—declaring that out of such harmony there is no peace, no beauty, no perfection, no completeness, while in such harmony there *is* peace and completeness. "Reconciliation,"—perfect "reconciliation,"—this, says the one, is perfection. Complete "harmony"—complete "adjustment"—this, says the other, is perfection. So that, in the last analysis, both lead, we see, to the same goal. The only difference is the difference between a speculative, rhetorical, energy-retarding child-world *scheme*, and a modern, intelligent, understandable, practicable *method*. In humanity's endeavor still for the attainment of a higher life, the words of old time come yet to all,—in this age with added force,—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,"—Theology or Reason!

I will like to show, now, in passing, by a single vivid example, how science as well as religion (how science much more than "theology") is on the side of man's perfect life.

Two or three years ago,* Herbert Spencer, the leading scientist of the world at the present day, was in this country for a few weeks. At the Farewell Banquet given in New York city in his honor, just before his return to Europe, he made an address which attracted wide social and newspaper comment at the time, and which thinkers have not since allowed, at any period, to be forgotten. We still meet extracts from it in sermons and editorials; we shall continue to meet such, no doubt, for a long time to come. To quote one instance of the wide discussion ex-

* This discourse was written in April of 1885.

cited by Mr. Spencer's remarks on that occasion, we may recall that by the *Independent*, of New York city, the address was very adversely criticized, while by the *Christian Union*, of the same city, the philosopher's words were highly commended, and the *Independent* held up, in a certain degree, to reproach. The difference between the two papers lay in this: one did not look at all to science for aid or encouragement in religion; indeed, did not believe science could furnish such; believed, rather, that its sole purpose, even in its fairest words, was to pull religion down: while the other stood ready to credit science with all its good, and to work with it so far as it might. The reply of the *Union* to the *Independent* (for the *Union's* article really amounted to a reply) was headed, "Herbert Spencer's Ideal of Life." And it began thus: "Hegel used to say, 'There is only one man in all the world who understands me,—and he doesn't!' Perhaps since his time there is none who might more justly make the same complaint than Herbert Spencer. There is less excuse, however, for mistaking Spencer than was ever the case with Hegel. Self-constituted defenders of the faith, in every direction, seem to feel bound to find fault with everything the philosopher says, and to put an anti-Christian construction upon his every utterance,—simply because it is Herbert Spencer who says it."

In this illustration, which I have thus given, Mr. Spencer stands but as a type of science as a whole,—to oppose which, in the mass, whether it be good or bad, as the *Union* well said, "self-constituted defenders" of an obsolete theology start up "in every direction."

But just here let me quote a few sentences from Mr. Spencer's own address, which I will take from the authorized reprint of his remarks, published by the Appletons; and then I will return, for

a moment, to the newspaper criticisms of which I have been speaking. Mr. Spencer, in his remarks, had been hinting something of the world's mad rush, in these modern times, for place and power and education and wealth. Referring especially to the people of the United States,—

"It seems to me," he said, "that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say that they are, in general, unduly civilized. Thoughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the 'sweetness and light' which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which the assertion is true. Eagerly pursuing a future good, man almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and, when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, when I say that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life. We hear a great deal (in pseudo-religious circles) about 'the vile body'; and many are encouraged thereby to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish. Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. *Life is not for learning, nor is life for working; but learning and working are for life.* Industry, bodily or mental, is but a means; and it is as irrational to pursue industry to the exclusion of that *complete*

living which it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Again, the primary use of 'knowledge' is for such *guidance of conduct, under all circumstances*, as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will be, I think, a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment."

There is a great deal of grand *un*common sense in that address. I wish I had time to quote it all to you. That is the kind of "discourse" which the world, to-day, waits to hear from the pulpit. It is the bread and fish which weary and despairing congregations would fain receive in place of the customary stone and serpent. But such a sermon is too unique—altogether too unconventional—to meet favor yet, at the hands of the generality of popular religionists. It deals too directly with human life! *We* see no objection to it. Indeed, we deem it most excellent. But at the time when it was spoken it met loud opposition in many quarters. Said the *Independent*, ominously, "It may be all very well *as it stands;* but there is a great deal more than this which Mr. Spencer *means* to teach."

This is the suspicious, hypercritical comment to which science is accustomed, even in its noblest utterances!

But what is it that Mr. Spencer "means to teach"? The *Union* asked this question, and, discerning its answer, continued, Well, we fail to find anything so terrible even in that. The lion's claws of Mr. Spencer, under the velvet of his words, even when those claws are exposed to view, draw no blood. He "means to teach," the *Independent* would say, that "*man's chief end is to make himself as complete, as beautiful, and as happy as he can.*"

Indeed a tremendous charge! And what could the *Union* answer to this? What could *we* answer to it? From the standpoint of a certain false scheme of theology, this is indeed a serious matter. No wonder that formal religionists were alarmed when Mr. Spencer spoke. But do *we* care to reply to the charge? "Man's chief end is to make himself as complete, as beautiful, and as happy as he can!" The perfect life, then,—the complete life,—word concerning which, for our strength and encouragement, we are striving to present in this discourse,—would be, according to Spencer, a life symmetrical, a life beautiful, a life happy! Our chief end in this world—our main aim and endeavor—should be symmetry, beauty, happiness.

Friends, however the old scheme of "theology" may deride such thought, is there not here, for us, an inspiration? From the standpoint of a rational religion, which has nothing to do with schemes of theology, is not this charge against science the crowning glory of science? Surely there is "nothing dangerous, nothing terrifying" in this. Indeed, the *Union*, with all its retention of much of the older thought, goes so far as to say, in opposition to the *Independent*, that there is nothing either "anti-biblical" or "anti-Christian" in this! In the broader view of both bible and Christianity, probably there is not. "Does not Jesus himself command," the *Union* well asks, "Be ye perfect (complete)"? And Paul, the early Christian apostle, exhorted those to whom he wrote, to strive to attain "unto a perfect man," unto "the measure of the fullness" of the ideal. But the broader, *universal* view of bible and Christianity is not the view we most often meet.

Moreover, the poets of the world, who are most always the world's prophets,—they too are in sympathy with science in this matter, as are the real bible and the earlier Christianity. I have time to

quote but one. Longfellow, years ago, bade us, as our chief concern on earth, to

"Make the house where Gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.
Else our lives are *in*complete."

After this manner have many of the bards spoken.

And what is all this, whether ancient or modern,—and I have not taken the opportunity, as I might take it, of quoting to you, in the same strain, from the Greeks, from the Persians and Hindus,—what is all this, but telling us, in different forms, to make ourselves, as Spencer is charged with urging us to make ourselves, "as complete, as beautiful, and as happy as we can"? Moreover, the *Union* quotes further: "*Complete?*" That is the New-Testament word, all through, for the fruition of Christian experience, as Christianity was first preached. "*Beautiful?*" The Greek word for goodness, as constantly used by the New-Testament writers, is "beautiful." And as to happiness, "joy" is one of the "fruits of the spirit" recognized by Paul ("Now the fruits of the spirit are these: love, joy," and so on). And in the frequent personal teachings of Jesus the thought is also recognized: for example, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." So that here we have science's most dreaded word —the word which, to the zealous ritualist, seems the most ultra egoism and utilitarianism—supported by the early leaders of that very faith which now derides it: "Man's chief end is to make himself as complete, as beautiful, and as happy as he can."

It is difficult, for most of us of the wider thought, to see where the opposition to this can come in. But we know what the mediæval theology asserted. It said, and says still, "Man's chief end is to *glorify God*." Recalling this, we catch a glimmer of light. We no longer wonder,

this in mind, that the earnest, unreasoning "churchman," from his standpoint, deems science and its teachings the "invention of Satan." I say the earnest *unreasoning* churchman. There are many thousands to-day who exercise their reason, and thus stand far in the advance. Perhaps a very little candid thought easily reconciles, for such, "the glory of God" with man's own perfection and exaltation. Then, the way all becomes clear.

But much of all this latter treatment of our topic has been from the older, ecclesiastical standpoint. Going back now, just here, once more, and for the last time, to the newspaper argument, we are ready to admit (following the *Union*) that the charge that Spencer "means to teach" that happiness is an end of life—happiness, together with completeness and beauty—is not an unfair deduction from his writings. At the same time, no critic can deduce, from any words or works of the great philosopher, authority for saying that by "happiness" science means a low, sensuous, selfish form of happiness. Rather, it is the highest, the most exalted form of it, which science would urge men to labor for. It is even that form of happiness which (as we have already seen) "the New Testament calls peace and joy." The happiness which comes from the *complete equilibrium of all man's faculties and feelings* with one another, and with his circumstances,—which comes from the approval of a pure conscience, and from peace, or harmony, with the over-ruling, interfused spirit of things, and with man. It is the highest possible happiness attainable by the soul. "If anything is clear to those who know aught about Herbert Spencer and his philosophy, it is that when he urges man to try to make himself as complete and as happy as he can, he means not that he shall do this at the expense of right and truth, or of the happiness and completeness

of others, nor even regardless of these, but by means of right and truth ;—if necessary, himself suffering personal loss, pain, and injustice, as Mr. Spencer has done nearly all his life" (the *Union* admits) for the *sake* of truth, purity, good-will, and progress, and for the advancement of the happiness of others.

We may admit, too, that "of love and service to God"—the first of Jesus' two great commandments—"Mr. Spencer nowhere has anything to say." Indeed, science as a whole has little to say of the formal worship of an abstraction. But of love and service to humanity Spencer's works say much, and love and humanity are illustrated by his life. Opposing, as Mr. Darwin did,—not directly, but by the tenor of his philosophy in general,—much of the older, erroneous religious thought of the world, Mr. Spencer yet gives himself practically, as Darwin did, to good deeds. The years of patient, untiring attention which Mr. Darwin gave to the study of insects, worms, and plant-parasites, are often classed by the great public as years wasted over trifling things. And the world deems that such a man could have little care or thought for the great struggling mass of humanity. But every grain of new knowledge gained by him has helped, and will yet help, in the progress of mankind. And in matters of direct good cheer and charity, to those in need, he was no less earnest than he was over his own heart's studies. Few men, of whatsoever "creed," have been so faithful as was he, in even the trifles of life and its little duties,—"which yet, however small in themselves, make so much of the comfort and peace of daily experience." In a letter from England soon after Mr. Darwin's death, Miss Frances E. Willard related of the great scientist that he was "the soul of philanthropic work in his own village," and that "for a lifetime he kept the records of its 'Friendly

Society.' The hand that wrote the 'Origin of Species' was for many an hour busy noting the amounts of coal, sugar and flour sent by that organization to the poor people of the place." The same, or similar things might be told of many others of the leaders of the world's scientific thought. Their hands and their hearts, both, are open.

And, now, it is unquestionable, I deem, that the religion of science is the rational religion of our time. It is unquestionable, obversely, that the rational religion of our time is necessarily the religion of science.

And science and rational religion, both, are crying aloud to men to-day, from a thousand quarters,—by precept, by example, by the inspiring of hope, by urgent calls to come into harmony with the true laws of existence; are crying aloud to men to make their lives, in the certain practical ways directly pointed out, complete, and beautiful and happy—as Spencer hints. Are crying to men to let all other things, all less things, assume proper place: the mere thirst for power, the mere desire for wealth, the mere personal longing for ease and self-gratification, the mere dwelling in theological subtleties: to let all these assume proper place, a subordinate place, and to realize in truth that "the chief end of man" is none of these things, but something far higher. The chief end of man is to make himself as complete,—that is, as symmetrical,—in all ways, bodily, intellectually, spiritually, as he can, and as beautiful, and as happy.

The world does not see this yet, with any vividness! It is still bound up merely in intellectual religious "beliefs," or in simple struggle for "social position." But it will see it, in time. The church doctrines of "God," and of "Immortality," even, if men are wise, will in time be seen by them to be really *unessential to the highest*

kind of life which it is possible for man to attain. And if *these* be unessential, what time or thought must needs be given to the multitudinous less doctrines? The mythical "Fall," and the mechanical "Atonement," the Inspiration of Humanity's Scriptures, the nature and being of the great World-Prophets — what have any of these things to do, in reality, with a practical, helpful, aspiring human life! Happy indeed, we may earnestly allow, are those who, in their work and hope, and in their striving after the Blessed Best, have vision of the *essential* deity — a belief in the steadfastness, and the upward-trending nature, of the world-forces; and confidence in a Future of Progress and Attainment. But let not these say that others, lacking their vision and their confidence, have nothing! Nor let them deem that, without either the vision or the confidence, a complete, perfect, upright, helpful life may not be lived. "The chief end of man is to make himself as complete, as beautiful, and as happy, as he can." What more is absolutely essential?

I. *As complete physically.* We hear word spoken, not seldom, of "the crown of life." Among the many such crowns which may be ours in the human lot,—for they are not one, but a thousand,—we may place almost at the head of the list the crown of bodily health. Men and women more and more largely to-day, in all intelligent quarters, are looking at the matter of health, of bodily perfection, and giving to the subject something of the study and thought and care which formerly they gave merely to the dress in which they should strive to hide the body's weakness and unshapeliness. But they yet must do much more. There is little valid excuse, in this age, for chronic illness or deformity. Of course I have no reference to the results of accidents, to the natural weaknesses of old age, nor to disease acquired in infected districts, where

duty, or the spirit of helpful discovery, may have called the sufferer. But ordinarily, there is little valid excuse for illness, and in course of time men and women will be ashamed to be ill. Especially will men and women, in course of time, deem it a disgrace to have their children or grandchildren diseased or deformed, or born with any erratic mental or moral tendency. By nature — or, it were perhaps nearer proper to say, by development, by evolution — men and women are at the head of the physical creation. The human body is the most marvelous organism, the most wonderful piece of machinery, known to man. It is our duty to care for our bodies,— our duty to ourselves, and to those who are to follow us; and it is at the same time the only proper respect we can show for the developing spirit of the universe, out of which we have come. It is only through direct and culpable ignorance, or wanton sin, on the part of humanity, that disease continues to have such large place in the world as it still holds. Disease ought to have been eradicated from among men before this. It might soon be eradicated now. If men during the past twenty-five hundred years had given themselves to reasonable work of this kind,— the annihilation of disease,—towards which devoutly-to-be-desired consummation the Buddha and Jesus did their part in a natural way centuries ago in the inauguration of the work,—if men had given themselves to this, instead of bowing listlessly before Buddhistic and Christian idols, and fighting over fanciful creeds built on erroneous ideas of "God" and of the supposed "teachings" of the men I have named, the world which has been groaning and travailing in bondage until now would have been freed before this from its physical slavery, and the children of men would have come up, out of Egypt, into a Promised Land worth entering. If this world is indeed a "vale of tears," as

so many men and women are fond of claiming,—and what shame and disgrace it is for men to say, simply in excuse for laziness and apathy, that this world is a "Providence-designed" valley of shadow and woe, "in order that we may not get too much attached to it," but give our whole time and thought to a hypothetical future!—if this world is indeed a "vale of tears," I assert, it is so simply and only because man has not the faith and energy to make it a breezy, sunlit plateau of peace and health and happiness!

How much the so-called "scientific infidels" and "atheists" of to-day are doing towards the gracious end of changing all this—getting rid of the germs of disease, and laying a stilling hand upon epidemic and plague! Such "infidels" and "atheists" as these, however partisan pulpit and theological press may sneer and revile, are the men who have built up the world. And they are still going on.

Throughout the universe there are good forces!—forces of Nature; forces which, if men come into accord with them, are unfailingly beneficent. Every force of Nature, in its normal attitude, is beneficent. Could we but fathom all—in their full sweep—and understand them, I believe we should see this to be true. And in every department of man's being, physical, mental, moral, spiritual, there are likewise good forces,—forces of Nature; forces which, if obeyed, are unfailingly beneficent. There are laws of mental growth, laws of spiritual growth; and there are laws which, obeyed by man, preserve, renew and invigorate his body,—exciting it to fuller, fresher, nobler life, making it to glow and tingle with the bounding pulse of health. It remains only for these forces to be more fully apprehended, and their laws obeyed,—and the world is freed from much of its woe. The "Complete Life" will be more nearly entered on.

Especially upon the minds of the young, everywhere, do I wish there might be impressed certain words of Prof. Huxley, delivered a few years ago before the student-competitors for prizes for intellectual and physical proficiency, at University College, England.

"Upon whatever career you may enter," he said to them, "intellectual quickness, industry, and the power of bearing fatigue, are three great advantages. But I want to impress upon you, and through you upon others, the conviction which I entertain that, as a general rule, the relative importance of these three qualifications is not rightly estimated, and that there are other qualities of no less value. I am much disposed, the longer I live, to set the less value upon mere cleverness, and to think that *the power of endurance*, with persistency, is the most valuable quality of all. If any of you were a son of mine, and a good fairy were to offer to equip him according to my wishes for the battle of practical life, I should say, 'I do not care to trouble you for any cleverness; put in as much industry as you can, instead; and oh, if you please, a broad, deep chest, and a stomach of whose existence he should never know anything.' I should be well content with the prospect of a young fellow so endowed."

This matter of health might well engage an entire discourse. Far too little attention is paid to the subject by those who, from week to week, have the divine opportunity of speaking publicly to their fellows on matters of gracious import. Hopeful, instructive, faithful labor with even one or two generations of our families would work divine wonders in the health and happiness of the race. By and by the pulpit and the platform will begin to preach a *real* "salvation"!

But symmetry of life, now, has not to do with the body only. It requires, also,—

2. *Completeness morally.* And "completeness morally" implies a hard, a continuous battle for the upbuilding of a *perfect character.* The "struggle," however, no matter how hard, is good. It is the making of men. It is a trite and tattered word that the sublimest character comes oftenest through the severest experience. The attainment of any virtue is worth all the bitterness and strife it costs. And if the endeavor be not only against one's own natural inclinations, but against odds which are external, or which are hereditary (as is the case with many), so much greater the nobility of the struggle! Tears and groans, fightings and conflicts, even to the day of one's death,—all these are as nothing, if the victory over self be gained at last, or even a little progress made. To him that "overcometh" it is indeed given to sit upon life's highest "throne."

Again, if ever there is "a time to be ambitious," it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. "Fight, therefore," comes the command to all,—"even in darkness! Fight when you are down; die hard,—determine, at least, so to do,—and you won't die at all." Happy are those who see themselves, even slowly, year by year, gaining! Let them be encouraged,—encouraged with the thought that the real "salvation" is *not* something "instantaneous." Let them be encouraged with the thought—and let anxious mothers and fathers, fearful for their boys and girls, be encouraged with the knowledge, proven in the world's experience—that in human life and the building of character "that is *not first*" which is lofty, high, sublime, spiritual,—"but that which is natural"; and afterwards, if men guide themselves aright,—*afterwards* that which is spiritual and lofty and divine.

If any, however, have reached middle age, and are not getting the lower self under, the higher self in the supreme, let them ponder well their course. Above all, if there be any who are old, and who still go on, slaves to the meanest and worst in their being, let them turn hastily their thought, and magnify their wills while yet even a single month remains in which they may redeem their humanity and prove themselves true offspring of the eternal spirit-presence which dwelleth in all. They must make haste!

Nor, again now, is perfection of body, even when accompanied by a high morality, all that the symmetrical life implies. There must be, furthermore,—

3. *Completeness intellectually.* And here, however briefly I may speak, I speak with all the bounding pulse of an enthusiast! For, how divine a joy it is!—that joy which never fails to come to a man or woman who so works and plans and hoards the moments day by day that he or she is conscious of some new progress made, some new soul-growth gained, some new attainment acquired in mental and spiritual ways, as weeks and months and years hurry all onward towards life's fruition!

In one of his lectures,—that upon "the most brilliant meteor in nature, the rainbow,"—Prof. Tyndall, ascribing to the French philosopher Descartes the honor of having first explained the phenomenon in question, uses language like this:

"There is a certain form of emotion called intellectual pleasure. It may be caused by poetry, literature, nature, or art; but I doubt whether there is a pleasure of the intellect more pure and concentrated than that of a scientific man, who, looking at a difficulty that has challenged the human mind for ages, sees that difficulty melt before his eyes, and re-crystallize as a simple

illustration of a law of nature. Such pleasure must have been that of Descartes, when he succeeded in uncovering the laws which rule the appearance of the rainbow."

Now, something akin, friends, to the purity and "concentration" of a discovery such as this of Descartes, even if not wholly equal thereto, is every consciousness, on our own individual part, of mental and spiritual advances made. How much indeed there is that we may learn! Around about us exists an illimitable universe. And every flower, every star, every pebble by the way, rightly looked into, shall usher us within the divine presence—into the secret habitations of the infinite and eternal "I AM,"—the power which was and is and is to be, and whose veil hath no man taken away.

"We live," said Carlyle, "no more of our time than we spend well." I know, friends, how full of struggle are our lives, how full of work and care, how empty of leisure and rest. Yet do I believe, at the same time, most thoroughly, with him who said, "There is no business, no avocation whatever, which will not permit a man *who has the inclination*, to give a little time, every day, to study." You who know what joy there indeed is, what rest from care and weariness, in the helpful thought to be gleaned, even in a snatched moment, from the page of science, or of poetry, or of romance, or of music, or of art, do not need that I should speak this word. But if there are any whom these words may reach who read little, —who read nothing, perhaps, that is of worth,— yet who know that their lives are sordid and narrow and monotonous; from whom cheerfulness, if it ever made its home with them, has long since flown; to whom happiness, rapt joy, divine blessedness, are but words of air, meaningless and cold and distant; to such I would say, in

all earnestness, With a single dollar buy some earnest book, whether about the heavens above, or about the earth beneath, or about the waters under the earth; seize, then, from your work, from your sleep, an hour a day, a half hour, *five minutes*, in which to pore over the new-gained volume; and through your brain the livelong day, as you sit at your office-desk, as you stand at the bench, or the counter, or the kitchen-table, as you push the plane or measure the wheat or dress the little-ones that clamber over your knees, —through your brain the livelong day, and in the still watches of the night, there shall course visions of beauty and delight before undreamed of; visions of wonder and awe, which shall make you, forever thence, a new being. You will come to feel, that, after all, whatever its toil and weariness, life *is* "worth living"; for you will have direct converse with the universe's mighty, interfused Spirit-Presence; with the mystic, majestic Life which is the All-in-all,—which is above all, and through all, and in us all. And certainly, with the universe's on-leading divinity, "the all-unfolding, the all-upholding," for a *Paraclete*—an eternal "Stand-By"—no life on earth can be otherwise than sweet and good, cheerful and blessed. The intellectual life is the life of every true man's desire.

And we have not even yet the full thought I would have this discourse bear. The chief end of man is not only to make himself as "complete" as he can, in all ways, physically, morally, spiritually; but also,—

II. *As beautiful.* Not beautiful, necessarily, on the outside, though that is good. And oftentimes, indeed, the outward semblance may be changed—may be degraded in beauty, or illumined—by that which goes on within.

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

But, whatever the outside, especially is it the chief end of man to make himself beautiful *within;* beautiful in soul. In *soul*, which is *more* than "intellect." It is ours to be strong! It is ours, also, to find our own growth in the growth of others. It is ours, not to let our own selfish woe and griefs, if these throng upon us, — nor even our weakness, our poverty, as we say, of "high powers,"—weigh us down. But rather to go forth such helpers as we may in the little world close about us; helpers like those of whom Whittier speaks in his lines to the Trailing Arbutus:

"I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade;
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
Amid dry moss and dead leaves at my feet,
The trailing spring flower, tinted like a shell.

"Low bending o'er it, not irreverent,
I thought of lives thus lowly clogged and pent,
Which yet found room,
Thro' daily cumberings of deep decay and death,
To give to heaven the sweetness of their breath,
And to the earth the beauty of their bloom."

Moreover, as the strongest, sublimest character (as we have already said) comes oftenest through conflict, through severest struggle, so is it oftenest of all, perhaps, that out of one's sorrows, pains, and disappointments come the highest joys and truest soul-beauty. "In old stories of celestial visitants," Geo. Macdonald says, "the clouds do much; and it is down the misty slope of griefs and pains and tears that the most powerful joy slides into the hearts of men and women and children." Then let us accept life's unavoidable chastenings gladly, patiently! Note many of the sweet-spirited old men and old

women whom you know. Has their experience not been thus,—confirming this word? Sad if the old are fretful and peevish and sullen! Life's truest lessons have indeed been lost by them.

And yet once more. The chief end of man is to make himself as "complete" and as "beautiful" as he can; and also,—still lacking, otherwise, somewhat of the perfect symmetry,—

III. *As happy.* The greatest minds of the race have been for the most part joyous minds, optimistic minds,—the poets naturally so: Goethe, Shelley, Burns, Emerson, Lowell, Wordsworth. So of the world's so-called "saviours." The Buddha of India, rightly understood, must have been, we feel, a man of undoubted cheerfulness, joyfulness, hopefulness, though indeed sobered by the fret, the fury, the unsatisfied hunger of the world, and serious in the presence of its sin and foment. So also, as in part hinted in an earlier portion of this discourse, may it be said of the man Jesus of Nazareth, that he was of cheerful heart. Too often has the hopeful, sunny-spirited leader of Galilee been painted only as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Jesus must have been naturally joyous-hearted, and full always of a sublime hope and earnestness. Had his really been the gaunt-visaged, sorrowful aspect most often pictured,—tell me, would the little children have leaped into his arms as they did? Would the lambs have frolicked about him as they did? Would the sinner and the needy have opened their secret shame, their bitter want, to him? Would the lily of the field, the clinging vine, the flitting sparrow, have found expression in his love? Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Cyril of Alexandria,—these wrote the ascetic ideas of their age into Jesus' personality. Corregio, Rubens, Rembrandt,—even Raphael and Dore,—these have perpetuated the misinterpretation; have painted a lie.

Both the Buddha of India and the man of Galilee must have been noble-featured and cheerful-hearted. Nay, more than this; both labored and taught, directly and openly, *against* all spiritual depression; especially against all manner and kind of stated fasts and formulistic sadness.

And the great leaders of the race, in all branches of life and thought, have been joyful,—why? Because, for the most part, they have come more nearly than have the majority of men into a fine harmony with Nature's free good forces, both physical and spiritual. There is much here that might well engage our thought. We should soon see, if we make close observation,—it is being pointed out to us time and time again, now, in the world's new Vision of Things,—that everywhere throughout Nature, under a normal reign of things, joy and ease and blessedness abound. There is no call in Nature to despondency, much less to self-mortification. In the ordinary course of things,—setting aside all direct breakings of law and special accidents,—a state of happiness, of cheerfulness, even of sprightliness, is the only proper and orderly outcome of things everywhere, as the universe seems to exist. Looking wide enough and deep enough, I believe this will be found to be, invariably, the case. The Spirit of Life itself that throbs through the world, *normally met by man*, is a spirit of light and sweetness and good; a spirit in perfect sympathy with joy and gladness and laughter and song. Flowers bloom, birds sing, children laugh and romp,—all the expression of the mysterious Unknown. In that beautiful little refrain of his, "The God of Glee," Prof. J. Stuart Blackie, of Edinboro' University, gives admirable expression to something of this thought. In his song he sings,—

"Thou art each, and thou art all
In Creation's living hall.
Every breathing shape of beauty,
Every solemn voice of duty,
Every high and holy mood,
All that's great and all that's good,—
All is echo sent from thee,
God of gladness, God of glee!"

And Prof. Blackie is by no means alone, in this earnest belief of his in Nature's order and beauty, and in her joy-giving attributes. A thousand high voices join in with him.

But Nature, in her dealings with man, requires "co-operation." True *human* happiness comes not without "completeness";—completeness of life, and "soul-beauty." It indeed makes little difference where we live,—in city or solitude, in palace or cottage.

"It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great;
But the soul's light, shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than hate."

But goodness is essential—goodness, which itself *means* "co-operation." The highest happiness comes never without goodness. "Men call the proud, the worldly, happy. But they are not. The former—the proud—may seem to have more than heart can wish; but there is a gnawing worm at the root of their joy. And satisfied with life the worldly man cannot be. He eats and hungers still; he drinks, and is yet more athirst; for husks are not food and brine is not drink." Again be it uttered, it is only goodness that makes true happiness! Science—all modern research—all modern knowledge—points finger along the path of *implicit obedience;* along the path of purity and temperance, of affection and

patience and generosity and sympathy,—along the path of truest communion with the eternal right which upholds the worlds: points finger thus, and says,—"This is the way! walk ye in it!"

"Oh, blind to truth, and life's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows life's great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest."

Summing up all, now, we know that the universe, nor any of its powers, calls on us for sadness; that it calls on us never for despondency, nor for self-mortification, nor for any denial whatsoever simply for its own sake. We know, on the other hand, that it does call on us for cheerfulness, and hope, and purity, and *earnest work*, both for ourselves and those around us. May it be ours to fulfill our destiny!—ours to fulfill, in every direction, "the chief end of man," that so we may *enter into* The Complete Life. Then we need not fear, no matter what the "world outside" may think of us, nor what they may say of us. Need not fear! For there will be peace within,—the peace that passeth knowledge. And the universe is on our side.

"For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul!"

The Helper-On.

I AM to speak, in this discourse, of those who help on in the world. Incidentally therefore, also, of those who hold back.

It is a splendid thing, amid all the world's warring opinions in matters of intellect and religion, to stand always upon the progressive side. It is a trait of forward-looking and nobility. Yes, and this is true even if, for the time being, one can "do little more" than stand. Morley has said: "It is better to be broad and liberal in the wrong than not to be broad and liberal at all." High words! And so here. *Simply to stand* for the larger light and nobler hope, however often misunderstood, and though against the world,—this is well worth any individual man's or any religious society's existence, no matter how feeble in influence he or it may seem to be, or how opposed to more popular thought. Moreover, such shall not always be feeble in influence. Quickly or tardily the future, even on earth, shall give them due meed of reward; and in the enlarged and ennobled life of Man, if not otherwise, they find fit and growing memorial. And, than this, no man could ask more.

"'Tis true,
The long day of their trifling, men delight
In tricks of mountebanks, and freely give
Their pence and shillings to the first light fool
That dons the cap and bells. But Truth decrees
Days of a deeper import, when the world,
Frowning and fearful, will no longer bear
The feeble resource. Then, O patient seer,
Man of the shady place and silent power,

Thou shalt have room and audience. Then shall weigh
More heavy in the scale thy lightest tear
Than the spent laughter of a thousand fools!"

Surely it should never trouble the sincere religionist of the forward look, whether he be a private worker or a public one, that he is misunderstood, and that men pass by on the other side. Let him be at peace. Even Channing, a thinker in many ways highly conservative, did not always have honor from men; yet Channing dared to say,—

"Speak always with moral courage! Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly. Do not spoil them of life to avoid offense. Do not seek to propitiate passion and prejudice by compromise and concession. Beware of the sophistry which reconciles the conscience to the suppression, or vague lifeless utterance, of unpopular truth. Do not wink at wrong deeds or unholy prejudices because sheltered by custom or respected names. Having deliberately, conscientiously, sought the truth, abide by your conviction at all hazards. Never shrink from speaking your mind through dread of reproach. Wait not to be backed by numbers. Wait not till you are sure of an echo from the crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own. Courage even on the side of error is power. How must it prove on the side of truth! One speaking not from selfish calculation, but giving out his mind in earnest sincerity, uttering his convictions in natural tones, and always faithful to the light he has received, however he may give occasional offense, will not speak in vain; he will have an ally in the moral sense, in the principle of justice, in the reverence for virtue, which is never wholly extinguished in the human soul."

Channing's word is a word to all those who would be helpers-on. He had seldom sympathy with holders-back.

And to be a helper-on in the world, I would now endeavor to manifest, is to be *one with the eternal progress of the divine power*. To be a helper-on is to be, in the only possible way in which a man can be such, a "co-worker together" with the eternal energy.

> "Onward and on the eternal Pan,
> Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
> Halteth never in one shape,
> But forever doth escape,
> Like wave or flame, into new forms."

Would we, therefore, truly (in Theology's phrase) be "one with" the mighty inhabiting Presence immanent in all things, we too must eternally follow on. As dying Arthur answered from the barge,—

> "The old order changeth, giving place to new;
> And Truth fulfils itself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Progress is written everywhere. "I have seen," says Wordsworth, in the familiar words which some of you, at least, know by heart,—

> "I have seen
> A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
> Of inland ground, applying to his ear
> The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
> To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
> Listened intently: and his countenance soon
> Brightened with joy; for, murmuring from within,
> Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,
> To his belief, the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea."

For the production, however, of similar "sonorous cadences," a common table-cup held lightly to the ear will serve almost as well as the poet's "convoluted, smooth-lipped shell." What, then, in reality, is the sound that is heard?—it cannot be the roaring of the sea. No, it is simply the circulation of the blood within the ear, echoing in the convoluted chambers of the shell, or, less distinctly, in the hollow "dome" of the cup. "Insert the end of the finger in the ear, and a roaring is heard like the hum of a great mill. It is the noise of the circulation of the blood in the finger." All the smallest organs of our bodies, our ears and the points of our fingers even, are "such busy workshops" that they roar like the water over the rapids yonder in St. Louis River. But at the same time, the roaring, we are told, is probably something more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital forces of Nature in the human frame together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in the living body from the earliest moment until death. The entire human body is in perpetual flux. The physiologist tells us that during every seven years of our life, every particle of our entire bodies is changed—dies away, is carried off, being meanwhile renewed. These bodies of ours, which we see and feel and walk about with this morning, are not the same bodies at all that we possessed seven years ago.

And so is it with the universe as a whole.

"The tide rises, the tide falls.
Darkness settles on roofs and walls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls."

Stars burst out into glory—worlds like ours.

And some fine, clear night we look upward, and across the heavens see a sudden fiery trail.

"Was it a golden lance
Into the darkness hurled
By the Spirit of Air—a new-born star ? . . .
Or the wreck of a world !"

What, to our ordinary thought, is nearer to immutability than the rock ? "Firm as a rock" is our familiar phrase. Yet every granite cliff, as well as every stone in the fields and pastures, is steadily disintegrating, either fast or slow. Once in a while—frequently, in some districts—we meet great rocks which a touch will crumble into sand. Often, on Cape Ann, on the north-eastern Massachusetts coast,—where everything is one of three things, rock, or sand, or salt-water,—there are acres on acres of elevated "common," which some of us have walked over, —sandy fields, which once were as solid as the rocks now on the shore below, which the sea and the atmosphere are eternally tearing down. So is it with everything throughout the earth, and throughout all worlds. Always change.

And moreover, now, as it is in physical things, so is it in the mental, moral and spiritual worlds. This physical universe, of which our own little earth is a dust-grain, millions on millions of years ago began in chaos. But through constant change, and almost constant progression, it has attained to its present marvelous order and beauty. Thus, also, hundreds of thousands of years ago, the human mind, developing from something less than self-consciousness—no one yet knows from how much less—at last attained to self-consciousness, and began its march upward and Truthward—Idealward.

Like physical Nature, it is conjectured, the human mind, as I have recounted, began in "chaos." But here, suddenly, the comparison

ends,—at the "beginning." For although the material worlds, as it would appear, have many of them been brought, during the lapse of ages, into comparative "completeness,"—notably our own earth,—much the larger part of humanity is not yet out of the chaotic state—is yet in the rough clay. Even in the world's most intelligent quarters, among the virtue-loving, the aspiring, the "religious,"—especially at the present time,—do the majority of men's minds, in consideration of the great problems of life, of duty and of destiny, seem apparently "without form and void," with darkness upon the face of the deep. Of those, then who still grovel in the slime, who have no vision of Natural Law, but dwell, the rather, wholly in *lawlessness*,—the brutal, the sensual, the densely ignorant, the madly lustful,—of these, what shall be said ?

In the past history of the universe and of man, however, we think we have the prophecy of man's future. We look for mankind's "completeness." The eternal forces of growth are working in man, as they worked in the primeval fire-mist. And even though man himself holds himself back, still, by the general trend of things he is carried forward. He cannot altogether hold back. The problem to-day with the real leaders of the race is, How man may yet more rapidly be urged forward.

Though it look upon it blindly, humanity in these days is making history fast. By rapid strides the universe's progressive energy is working now. Happy for those in humanity who are willing to "co-operate," and glad ! who are really numbered among the Helpers-on !

O that men would not be afraid of the *progressive* God-force ! O that men would *really* "trust God !" Such is the cry, to-day, of many and many a one among the real fore-runners of the time to be.

Yet while they say this, they mean by "God" (it may be not altogether unnecessary for me to explain) not the popular misconception of God. Nor, indeed, anything perhaps that they can well put into terms of human thought. *They feel the Mystery too much.* Their heart bounds inwardly; song is on their lips; hope and joy light their souls. But they shrink from the expression of the inexpressible. *They work silently*, as does the Mystery itself! Nevertheless, the animating Spirit of Nature; the Unknown Reality back of all things; the developing, upholding Energy of the universe; the Power that circles itself orderly in the off-flung ring of nebula and the unswerving path of comet; the Power that blossoms itself beautiful in meadow violet and forest fern; the Power that laughs itself gleeful in the ripple of brook, in the song of bird, in the dancing of the little child's eye; the Power that surges itself to aspiration in the soul of man; the Power that holds the myriad star-worlds in its bosom and croons the planet-song that hushes human need when in midnight's weariness man looks skyward —the leaders of thought *say* little, I have declared, but This is something of what they *mean;* This is something of what they *would* say, if they said at all; This is a faint inharmonious echo of the infinite melody in their hearts. Whence shall come words that livingly breathe, that divinely pulsate? When they are nigh, then at last, perhaps, shall something of the Vision Splendid by which we are attended first begin really to shape itself in speech.

O that men would not be afraid of the developing Over-Soul; the Source of all things visible and invisible; the Whirler of the universe's glowing wheels and the Seether of the universe's ancient elements; the Power infinite and absolute in which we live and move and have our being; the Power which, *when co-operated with*, carries all

things on and up! O that men would trust this Power,—the real God,—and not be afraid of it, nor seek to and feel that they must hide themselves from its glorious light under the shelter of old, delapidated, child-world misconceptions of the true deity. For in This Power, and in This alone, is life, is all possibility, and all hope.

But with rare exceptions men do not worship or trust the true God. By far the large majority of men are afraid of,or ignorant of,the real divinity—so tenacious in men's minds are old ideas, and so fearful seems the human intellect of the slightest advance. I dreamed, once, that for a thousand years the particles and elements of the inanimate world were granted, and used, the power of freedom which is exclusively man's,—fighting, as he does, against all progress, and holding back from every expanding, upward-drawing influence which inheres in every throbbing atom of matter as a part of the rhythmic Whole. And at the end of the thousand years the world was back, millions of years back, in some one of the primary geologic periods, Silurian, Cambrian, Laurentian!—back, it may have been (for the dream was swept through and through by obscuring clouds) beyond the time of the first beginnings of fossil-bearing strata; back, indeed, it might well be, in the nebulous haze which, æons ago, swept in a fiery chaos about the parent sun!

But this was indeed only a dream! Inherent in every atom of matter there is the eternal Force, the Divinity, which carries it on and up—transmuting dross into gold, transmuting even the diseased membranous secretion of the oyster into pearl, transmuting earth and air and water into lily and rose and peach and human face—and the particles cannot say yea or nay! It is only man—it is only man, who, by his own blindness and narrowness and perversity, can hold himself back!

But ah, even in man,—in Man, that is, as a whole,—there is a progressive Force at work, a Divinity, a Deity, to which even man cannot say yea or nay. However we may shrink from attempting to define or explain it, there is indeed, and unmistakably, in the nature of things, the "Power not ourselves,"—a Power to all appearances infinite and absolute,—which, through the ages, however men may disbelieve it and fight against it, and however they may neglect to cooperate with it, makes for progress and righteousness! O that men would see that it is man's glory to believe in, and welcome, and live in accord with this Power,—working with it, not against it.

I am never weary of pointing to the great mental and moral heroes, the spiritual saviours of the race, some of whom, in all ages, have glimpsed something of the real truth, and in varying garment of thought and speech have borne witness to the true light. The world has never been without aid; without the possibility of uplifting. And even though the mass of men have indeed almost invariably fought against these leaders,—burned them, racked them, beheaded them, crucified them,—there have always been others ready to take their places, risking all that they had risked, braving hunger and alienation, and daring the same death—for the world's sake! the unkind world's sake—the world which, in all ages, has sought to humiliate its real saviours, and to turn back, rather than urge onward, the tide of progressive truth!

Ah, who indeed have been the world's real holders-back? Who are the world's real defamers and weaklings to-day? Of old were they indeed Thales and Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Galileo, Bruno, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, Hegel?—how shall I name them all! Yet all these, and a thousand others as superb, have been condemned, have

been branded, and driven without the pale of human love. Have the real holders-back indeed been those who have given up home and friends and ease and wealth, bearing all evil things for their love of truth and progress? Are they indeed those whom the world has over and over *called* its holders-back—those who have risked all and given up all, even life, out of their desire for the world's true benefit? We hear this often said. We hear it hinted, in one way or another, every week!

The rather, however, are not the real enemies of Truth and Man those who always have *opposed* advance; those who have really *believed so little* that they have never dared to cross "new Jordans," even when some new divine Moses led them to the very brink?—but have always stood fixed, immovable, by the one narrow Jordan of old time? Decriers of their fellowmen! Pious upholders of impiety! God-fearing dethroners of the true deity!

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were
souls that stood *alone*,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone.
They were men of present valor, stalwart old
iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or fagot that all virtue was
the Past's."

What opposition all Progress has indeed met, in every age;—and still meets!

"For all the past of time reveals
A bridal-dawn of thunder-peals
Whenever thought has wedded fact."

Yet of what avail is opposition, when Truth once really begins to get a hearing? There never was a time in the world's history when men in the mass were thinking harder than they are to-

day. Pious opposition has never stayed *infidelity to what is false.*

For a single example now, as we were not long ago reminded, "a generation since, to most New England christians, the theological opinions of Voltaire were held to be synonymous with those commonly attributed to the devil; and no amount of argument could have convinced the church that it was wrong in this supposition. A later generation, however, has discovered that, when compared with much of more modern thought, Voltaire's religious views may be looked upon as highly conservative."

Opposition to truth is indeed of temporary avail only. Though slow in process, final victory is always on the side of the right. The *real* holders-back are in time thrust aside. Who and where, to-day,—for a single other modern example,—are the men who scoffed at Emerson, who opposed Theodore Parker? They are all but forgotten. Their fame is unknown. While the honor of those whom they *called* destroyers and holders-back is every year brightening, and their words of hope and prophecy are stars in the night.

The real holders-back? Are they indeed men like Jesus? Yet how he was denounced by the pious Scribes and Pharisees, and driven to his death. The cross for him! Are they indeed men like Socrates?—poison-hemlock for him! Men like Newton and Galileo and Laplace? men like Channing and Parker and Emerson and Matthew Arnold? men who are trying to lift the world upward and lead it onward? Or are they not, in reality, the men who are afraid of the Truth; who denounce progress; the men who would keep the world in ignorance; the men who hold to old thought; the men who preach old doctrine; the men who hold to "worn-out dogmas" because they still are the most popular, or perhaps simply

because Paul, or Peter, or St. Augustine, or Calvin, held to them?

I would not be misunderstood, friends. Are my words sounding harsh? Such is not intentional. I am not saying, by any means, that "all virtue" is in leaving the old; that virtue and acceptance of the new are synonymous; that outside of continuous advance there *is* no virtue. I know, as well as any can,—I was nurtured in it all,—that there is much of good, much of help, much of rest, in the old faiths—though too often the "rest" is of inertia. And I know, too, that there is much of "progress," so-called, that is mere bravado; that is mere truckling; that is bald, blank, ignorant denial, without a thought of, or a desire for, anything that is better, and truer, and purer, and more helpful. Mere bluster, unwilling weakness, like this, we cannot disallow or denounce in terms too severe. He who truly foregoes the old and the false also earnestly searches for and is a devoted follower of the newer and truer.

Moreover, although I indeed believe in works; in morality; although I believe in "salvation through works"; although I believe that the only salvation worth the name, for individual men or for the world, is through morality, through individual endeavor;—for "salvation," with me, means *the perfection of the man*, in every possible direction, physical, mental, moral, spiritual, and here is no child's play, nor a task calling simply for some supernatural religious "formula";—yet do I believe also in faith! in trust! Indeed, without my faith—as bars of steel for strength, as cords of love for courage—I certainly never could work, or speak, another day. But of faith I have unfailing store. *I trust the universe.* I believe in the stability of things. I feel that no high endeavor is, or, in the nature of things, can be, in vain. I believe in the continuity of law, and of good. And nothing, I deem, can shake

this my faith, for I consider it founded on verifiable foundation.

On verifiable foundation. It is not, then, a blind faith. And yet it is still "faith," for it is not complete knowledge. To-morrow the sun may *not* rise; to-morrow fire may not burn; to-morrow sin may not scar; to-morrow love and aspiration and helpfulness may not upbuild and consecrate. But I do not believe any such "To-morrow of Death" as this will ever come. I have "faith" that it will not,—for back of me is all the record of Nature's past, unchanged, immutable, since time began. Yet a change *may* come; Nature may *not* be steadfast. *All the facts may not yet be in.* So my faith is still "faith." It is not complete knowledge. But it is helpful, and peace-giving, and arm and heart strengthening, and I go on undismayed.

"Of what worth, however,"—this I know will be in the hearts, if not on the lips, of many who hear or read these words; "of what worth is such faith as this if not backed by a 'God'!" "Can I tell what 'God' is?" No, no more than can the theological "powers that be," who persistently, every now and then, ask us if we "believe" in God; the men who would praise us, and grant us religious fellowship, in exact accordance with the degree of ignorance with which we might answer. No one of any wisdom "defines God" to-day. "To define is always to confine."

But I believe in the Power which is the Life of the universe. I trust that Power. I believe in and trust the unknown yet eternal Energy that pulsates through the world; the unknown Spirit of divine Might that throbs through us and through all the world. And I believe that this Power, this Spirit, this Energy,—call it what you will,—accepted, assisted, worked together with by man, will bring all things out right—in the end. What that end will be, I must say again,

I do not profess to know, in entirety, or even in little. Who does or can? But here again I hope and trust,—and am willing to wait. This is all I *can* do.

And meantime, friends, I try, and call also upon you—*to be faithful;* faithful to the newest and truest and best light that men can gather together into the lamp of human knowledge and reflect forth for the guidance and uplifting of the world. I try, and I call upon you, to renounce all that is old and hurtful—all that holds man back from personal, individual endeavor. I try, and I call upon you, to renounce all evil habits,—all ways of life that injure the body or degrade the soul. I try, and I call upon you, to give over all unkindness and uncharitableness, all pettiness of spirit, all harshness, and all habit of domineering tyranny. I try, and I call upon you, to be pure in heart and pure in life. I try, and I call upon you, to strive for the upbuilding both of yourselves and of all men around about, in mental and ethical and social ways; to strive for a larger presence of justice in the world, a truer bond of peace. And whatever people may say or think,—however people, dear friends even, mother or brother or wife or husband, may be "hurt" in mind or heart,—I try, and I call upon you, to be *faithful to the world's expanding thought.* For this is the only possible means through which man as a whole can ever come to his best.

Said John Stuart Mill years ago, in his autobiography, "The time has come in which it is the duty of all qualified persons to speak their minds about popular religious beliefs." One of the leaders among the so-called "evangelical" churches said not long since to an assembly of his brother-ministers, "When you have to give up what your mother taught you, do it, honestly,—*but do not say much about it publicly.*" The day

of "suppression," however, has gone by. John Stuart Mill, whom I just quoted, did not believe in the method of "suppression." Channing, as we saw in the beginning, did not believe in "suppression." Nor did Jesus, the prophet-hero of Galilee. Renouncing all the tattered temple upholstery and soul-less technicalities of the Jewish faith, "A *new* commandment," said Jesus, "give I unto you." And others and others since have shown newer commandments still.

Especially perhaps since Mill's time have a growing multitude been speaking,—among them Mr. Leslie Stephen, who, in his "Apology for Plain Speaking," cautions thus:

"Destroy credit, and you ruin commerce; destroy all faith in *religious honesty*, and you ruin something of infinitely more importance than commerce. Who can see without impatience the fearful waste of good purpose and noble aspiration, caused by our reticence at a time when it is of primary importance to turn to account all the forces which make for the elevation of mankind? If we had always waited to clear away shams till we were certain that our action would produce absolutely unmixed benefits, we should still be worshiping Mumbo-Jumbo."

And so others, without number, had I not quoted enough.

But now, above all technicalities, friends; above all bickerings and disputes, let me, as I conclude, point once more, and with voice of emphasis, to those two things at which I have already hinted, upon which all, or almost all, are agreed—conduct, and the spirit of human helpfulness. Conduct, which, as Matthew Arnold has well said, is "three-fourths of life"; and the spirit of helpfulness,—the enthusiasm of humanity,—without which all men can never be uplifted.

And co-worker, once more, with these two, guider and controller of these two—let me repeat it!—is *faith*. Not blind faith, not foundationless faith, nor faith in follies. But faith in the steadfastness of the universe; faith in the universe's unchanging beneficent forces, obedience to which is life; faith in the general Heart of Good! To which faith, counting by the past, and dreaming that what always has been will always continue to be, we have, I deem, a legitimate right.

In order to accomplish anything good and true, we *must* "believe";—must at least believe that there is sanity in our doing; that some good shall help us in the doing; that some good shall result from our doing.

So, then, believe! Believe!—never less, but more. We of the liberal thought are not working to do away with belief. A harder task by far, than that, is ours. We are endeavoring *to clarify* belief. And moreover, friends, work also! Work as well as believe. Give of your thought, your study, your leisure, your means, your soul,—it is activity that "saves." Work, together with all the universe's powers of good, to lift yourselves up, and to lift mankind up; to make men and women high, broad, temperate, helpful men and women,—men and women who shall find God *in Nature and in Humanity*, and who, in their love for and service of both these latter, shall really, for the first time, begin to "worship." Then you cannot fail of Helping-On. You will not be of those who hold back.

Moral Purpose.

A NUMBER of years ago, in a little Massachusetts town, after a season of drought and dust, there sprang up, all unannounced, in the lawn fronting a certain quiet residence, a young, thrifty shoot. Following its appearance came a break in the Summer's dryness. Showers and sunshine alternated frequently, so that the sprout grew rapidly. And gradually it developed into a handsome tree, with striking and beautiful foliage, aflame with buds and blossoms of unusual delicacy and fragrance. The fruit is a berry of bright scarlet and green. The tree passes through Winter unscathed, and needs no touch of artificial aid. And what is singular about it all is, that the tree seems to be a stranger in a strange land. No one who has seen it knows how it came there, nor what it is. Was the seed from which it grew shaken from the wing of a bird, on its way from some other clime? Did it fall from amid the plumage of the berry-eating wild-goose, in some semi-annual migration of that bird from north or south? Who shall say? But, dropped from the sky or not, and whatever its native home, its beauty, I have read, is indescribable. It is a treasure to its owner, a delight to all who visit it. It is a gem in the creation; a ceaseless wonder.

I am to speak, in this discourse, of Moral Purpose. Whence came, think you, into the human soul, *that* bud of promise? And when came it, first?

Moral Purpose! It is that which gives meaning and depth to life! It is that alone which gives sane thought to the mystery of the universe. It is that which is the *modern* "tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations." Where and when indeed, in human history, did it first spring up?

Dry and dusty it was, I have said, over Massachusetts lawns, when the unknown flower-beauty of which I have told sprang to be. What of the far times in human experience, before Moral Purpose in the universe was dreamed of as present in the heaven-spaces, and known actually, on earth, among men! Drear and desert-like, even to-day, oftentimes, notwithstanding our highest vision,—arid and unprofitable often, even for the noblest souls of the race,—seems the human lot, when trials and disappointments press hard; when bereavement is nigh; when injustice holds harsh sway, when poverty is present, or material loss comes suddenly; when physical pain racks the body; when friends prove false; when pleasure has failed; when ambition has a moment or two flared in promised flame—and then sunk to ashes! The hearts of the noblest men and women on earth are, *even now*, at times, kept from fainting, and their souls from death, only through their strong, even impassioned holding to the belief in *some* high if indeed faintly manifested Moral Purpose in the unfathomed Scheme of Things, back of all apparent earthly shifts and shocks. And if this to-day, and among the pure and true, what then must have been the fact far back in remote earthly ages; back in the æons when "dragons of the prime," tearing each other "in their slime," and "red in tooth and claw," had but a short time given way to the coming of a being manifesting an approach towards manhood? or even many centuries and hundreds of centuries later, when

man really began to be a sensitively conscious soul, and self-conscious? How terribly unmeaning, arid, full of pain and fear and doubt, must life then have been!—if any there were, then on earth, of eager, thoughtful, questioning soul.

And must there not have been thoughtful, earnest, anxious men and women then?—mothers, laying softly down their dead boys or girls amid forest-branches, or by the river-side, and turning to look back and wonder what the stillness meant? men, dying of hunger and thirst, and turning weary eyes to the pitiless sky—unconscious even of the *thought* "Law"? What could life be but black and barren?

And even to-day again, to those still without any slightest gleam of a supreme overruling Purpose immanent in all things, permeating alike suns and souls—permeating comet-flash in the far heaven-spaces, and, no whit less, ghastly famine in woody hut of half-human savage; permeating nebulous trails high yonder in ether, and, just as certainly, the lightning-flashes and thunder-rumblings in the lowering air much nearer at hand; the earthquakings and hot-lava spoutings beneath men's feet, no less or more than the whirr of the cricket or the wail of a child;—with no faintest realizing consciousness of a power so mighty and so morally just that it "doth preserve the stars from wrong," and yet, at the same time, if recognized, is so universal that "it singeth low in every heart"!—how desert-like and woeful such as these, even to-day, must find life—the willfully dissolute, the willlessly drunken, the crowded in foul city tenements, the miserly, the lustful—and their name is legion!—the men who *cannot* SEE!

Yet, far back,—hundreds of thousands of years back,—at some dim point in human history, the first gleam of a resplendent moral purpose, overarching all, and *calling on man for co-operation*,

did flash, clear and growing, into earthly heart and soul,—the heart and soul of some first, poetic, spiritual-minded child of Nature,—though exactly when we know not. Suffice it that it came!—and the first man stood Hope-conquered, with his face Idealward turned. And then indeed began progress—forward-looking—high endeavor!

And do we repeat our other question,—*Whence?*—now that we have tried to answer the *When?* (tried, and failed!) Well, we do not need to stop long here,—though not in entirety, indeed, do we know; not fully; not transcendently. But, surely, from that unity it came,—that mighty unity,—the all-mystery,—which in its very unity and mightiness bears all things in its bosom, even as it includes all!—which gave birth to all, in which all live, towards which all tend;—the supreme; the ever-onworking;—unto which "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," we can but believe, is shot through and through, *somehow*, with light—as, sometime, *we* may see it: light which is, literally, now, "insufferable."

Is there indeed room—sane room—for any other hypothesis? Nay, there must be, in the universe, Moral Purpose. And the seed of that Moral Purpose, unquestionably, in order that *men* might have it, existed potential in the Nature of Things. It has "overbrooded" man from the first. And when, finally, after many groanings and stumblings, man stood at last a conscious worshiper of the Ideal, then might Nature well have burst forth into that Voice as from the clouds,—seeing what manner of man-child she, after many strivings, had finally gotten unto herself through elemental seethings,—"This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." For at last man had entered on his birthright. He was a conscious co-worker with Good.

Say, if you will, and as some do, that "man 'discovered' morality"; that morality never was "revealed," except as the growing necessities of humanity's highest life brought, with them, in the very fact that they were necessities, the suggestions of the true way of harmony. Grant all this, I say, and there yet remains the truth that *back* of those "necessities," and *back* of that "required harmony," was the somewhat which compelled those necessities and that harmony. And thus once more,—only, one step farther on,—we are again in the presence of "the great first cause, least understood," from which all sprang, to which all tend, "path, motive, guide, original, and end." Discovery is, itself, "revelation,"—and the only revelation.

And moreover, now, like the coming of the exquisite and fragrant tree-blooms to the faded Massachusetts lawn,—unheralded, unfathomed, yet beautiful and sweet, and a saving delight to all who behold,—so the coming, into the soul of man, of the sight of Moral Purpose as the end and aim of being, whether in streaming sun or upyearning soul, has been the blossom above all other blossoms of earthly existence which has given man faith and courage. He now has strength to go on.

And sure, as he deems, of this much, he may certainly, so again he deems, be sure of more. So that "to live," now, is synonymous with strife for growth, for progress. "To live" is no more, in this age, simply "to exist." Really to live means to expand, to grow in beauty of soul and mind and body; to battle, in every way possible, for truth and good, and for higher justice in the world; to strive to bring all things, and all souls, into truer communion with the Nature of Things. "To live," that is to say, is synonymous, now, with deeds of daring rectitude, with pulses stirred to generosity, with scorn of miserable aims that

end with self; is synonymous with thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, and by their mild persistence urge man's search to vaster issues. Nothing less than this *satisfies*.

And with the idea of "unity" in mind,—the idea of "oneness" everywhere,—we can but believe the whole universe to be somehow permeated thus, with this meaningful, increasing "life,"—life which *is* life—"Life of Ages, richly poured";—and that the final outcome of things shall prove all well.

See, now, for a moment or two, how, out of all the chaos of the past,—the waste and lumber of being's shore,—Moral Purpose in human life, whatever its far, weak origin, has gradually so grown, and become beautified, as to dominate, to-day, the entirety of *earnest* modern life. From beginnings in meanness, it is blossoming now to perfect flower. And how could this be better manifested to us than in the single illustration of the springs and purpose of *modern literature?* For, as Charles Dudley Warner two or three years ago hinted, the life of any people, and its literature, are intimately related. And the voice of the better and nobler world to-day is indeed as one voice, echoing Warner's words,—Men cannot be happy unless they are good, and they cannot be good unless the care of the soul (the high part of man),—the upbuilding, that is to say, of *character*,—occupies the first place in their thoughts. That is the first interest of man. The interest of the body is mid-way; and last of all, and least of all, when rightly regarded, is the interest about "place" in the world, and about "money." Many refuse this order of interests, true; and many set "literature" altogether to one side, as of small or no practical account in human life. Yet is there, to-day, a growing minority (if still a minority) on the side of *all* high soul-helps, on the side of all high aids to individuality, to *personal*

strength;—of which aids, literature, probably, now, has become chief. And by and by,—slowly, —far off,—the minority will become a majority.

Using the illustration, and in large part the words, of a writer in the *Boston Herald*,—Nothing is so free as letters. It is always the unchecked expression of the individual sentiment; and it is also the correct photograph of national feeling. The scholar unhesitatingly looks to literature for the true effect of the French Revolution, not less than for the condition of Athens in the age of Pericles. And exactly thus we say of literature *to-day* that its predominant characteristic is Moral Purpose. Or, at any rate, purpose. In part it may be national or individual purpose, but, *largely*, it is *ethical*. Its tendency is to take up the obstinate questionings which relate to the origin of life, the being of God, the root-ideas of duty, the sphere of conscience, the evils of society. It has also to do, actively, with matters of reform, with matters of development,—the regeneration of society, the amelioration of life. The books of the day are full of suggestions for the improvement of social and personal conditions. The serious writing in the great reviews is of this sort. There has never been a time when so many persons were writing essays for the purpose of influencing both opinion and action. A hundred and fifty years ago, when Addison was initiating the modern newspaper in England and shaping the social morals of his day, it seemed a great thing to have an object in view. But to-day Addison's work seems light and flippant beside the essays in the *Forum* or the *North American Review*, or the social discussions in the leading daily press. Look at it in the case of individual writers: There is nothing to relieve the prevailing seriousness in Matthew Arnold's writings but his exquisite raillery. Dr. Holmes has plenty of wit on the surface, but he is always

striking at moral issues. Emerson separated himself from social life chiefly that he might turn his thoughts to social problems with greater devotion. Carlyle was a tremendous moralist. George Eliot could never withdraw her mind from the great questions of personal duty and present existence. Her imagination gravitated to these issues, because they had her large and constant thought. And so of others. Many authors of lighter vein may "please" us for a moment; they may lift us up from care, by a burst of realistic joy or woe as pictured in other souls; but in literature not to avow an ultimate aim, and a moral aim, seems to-day to be looked upon as a positive discredit.

For it is the bettering of the world! It is the improvement of mankind! It is the lessening of sorrow! It is the giving of hope, and of trust in the universe! *These* are what men to-day are seeking!

And there is good to come out of all this. Something great, and noble, and permanent, shall be its outcome—nay, is already its outcome. The world is beginning to *swing into line* with its glorious army of Brownings and Arnolds and Eliots, who heretofore have been almost as leaders without an army to follow them. The followers now are mustering.

And the question, the great question, to-day, for every man and woman, is, *Am I to be of them?* For every man may know that if he—even he—is faithful, the victory of the good shall come the sooner; that thus the Moral Purpose of the universe shall the quicklier be demonstrated to all laggards and slow. It is the time for every man to take his stand. Religion of the old kind—the ecstatic, the somnolent, the rapt, the merely contemplative or laudatory—has been tried, and has largely failed. Religion of the new kind—the active, the ethical, the upright—the religion which is the teacher and promoter of Truth, Righteous-

ness and Love in the world—this waits for every man, and for every man's self-sacrifice, for every man and every man's faithfulness, in body, in mind and in morals, to put it into forceful operation among men. As the means of doing away with all the great sins, the "Babylonian woes," of modern society, our hope and our only hope, in the new view of things, is the *practical application*, in the hearts and minds and lives of the masses, high and low, rich and poor, intellectual and ignorant, of modern ethics and the spirit of co-operation,—co-operation man with man, and the intelligent co-operation of all with the hidden yet ever-manifest Moral Purpose in the nature of things. No longer must the world wait idly for some *far-off* redemption, which, without human effort, shall establish "thousand years of peace." The progressive universe-energy, forever on-working, redeems humanity *through man*. Operating in Sirius, in Aldebaran, the universe-energy works there in ways unknown to us it may be,—but, we may be sure, never by miracle other than the eternal miracle. And the same eternal miracle is around about, and over, and in us, here, on this little, divine, complex, soul-producing, love-producing mystery of an earth, as much as in any farthest heaven-spaces. And we have all the help and all the miracle we need. If all the men and women in the world to-day who can and might, only would, act, the great regeneration would come!

The Moral Purpose in Wordsworth says to us,—

"The law by which mankind now suffers is most just.
For by superior energies, more strict
Affiance in each other, faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles, the Bad
Have *fairly earned* a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent Good."

"They who engage in the service of evil give to it all their energies. No wonder it has thrived in the world." But good is mightier in the end, and good shall sometime prevail—if *we* help! The Moral Purpose of the universe dwells in highest men! in Man!

"Therefore not unconsoled we wait,—in hope
To see the moment when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which Virtue
Will to her efforts tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall our victory be complete as theirs."

Every noble work is at first impossible. This truth must we bear in mind when to us the years seem to move slow. In this age we may be assured for a truth,—reading Nature's past, and learning patience from the fact,—that the Moral Aim of the Cosmos swings forward only by revolutions of thousands of years, not by ticks of the little clock upon our wall. Happy you, happy I, if even by one "tick" in our life-time we urge the Cosmos on! The world *may* be transfigured. We may help in the transfiguration.

"A youthful painter found one day
In the streets of Rome a child at play;
And moved by the beauty that it bore,
The heavenly look its features wore,
On a canvas radiant and grand
He painted its face with a master hand.

"Year after year on his wall it hung;
'T was ever joyful and always young,
Driving away all thought of gloom
As the painter toiled in his lonely room.

"But the painter's locks grew thin and gray;
His young ambition had passed away;
He looked for years, in many a place,
To find a contrast to that sweet face.
Through haunts of vice in the night he strayed
To find some ruin that crime had made:
And at last, in a prison-cell, he caught
A glimpse of the hideous face he sought.
On a canvas, weird and wild, but grand,
He painted the features with master hand.

"That loathsome wretch in the dungeon low,
With the face of a fiend and the look of woe,
Ruined by revels and stained by sin,
A pitiful wreck of what once he had been,
Hated, and shunned, and without a home—
Was the child that played in the streets of Rome!"

Pitiful poem! we say. Yet every equally loathsome wretch that treads Chicago streets to-day, or slinks down yonder Lake Avenue south, was once a laughing, innocent babe, with infinite possibilities in him. And the instilling, into his young soul, *in the right way*, of Moral Purpose,—the binding of him, with links of love, to the pure heart of the pure, to the strong heart of the strong, to the Moral Core of Things, would have been growth and blessing to him forever. But somebody, who knew better, or who ought to have known better, simply failed in duty! *Society* failed in duty! And in a hundred ways we fail; in a hundred ways society fails.

Who shall spur us up! What shall spur us up! Around about us, always, is blessing: and we let it pass us, and let it pass the world, by! The good forces of the world-energy are never absent from us. Beckoning voices ceaselessly call. Yet man's hight of attainment and hight of happiness depend altogether on *the use* he makes of the faculties which are his; on *the use* he makes of

the blessings and means of progress which are his. And so it will always be. Blessing, not cursing, is offered us. But blessing is not forced upon us. Lack of earnestness *in inquiry* concerning the physical, moral, mental, spiritual powers of the universe, debars us from a helpful knowledge of the true order and beauty of the world, into complete harmony with which order and beauty we should come, bringing others with us.

Moreover, every guilty deed shuts us out from spiritual blessing and progress. The divine on-working spirit of things will not, never does, never can, forsake us. But (so to speak) we may flee from the great Good, and from the healthful results of "harmony." Nature grants us light: we have our choice whether we will walk in the darkness, or in the light which she gives. Here is the blessing of the sun: but we may shut ourselves in a dark room, or put out our eyes. Here are the laws of health, which we may follow—or disobey; the laws of our moral nature, of uprightness, of justice, of personal purity, all of which we may abuse, or neglect. Here is our sense of the beautiful, through which our souls may be educated, enlarged, made glorious, made to rejoice in the light and manifest beauty of the world. We may see beauty, we may find helpfulness and uplifting, in every rising sun, in the red of every western sky, in the tree and the flower and the ocean. Said Tennyson, of his dead Arthur,—

> "His voice is on the rolling air,
> I hear him where the waters run,
> He standeth in the rising sun,
> And in the setting he is fair."

So may we say of the world-spirit. And there are other manifestations of the divine, besides Nature's beauty—manifestations multitudinous in number: the history of Nature's past in rock

and glacier; the formation of the tiniest forest flower; the face of a little child; the love of mother, of friends, of families;—indeed a multitude of things: all of which, discovered and rightly used, may add to our joy and our growth; all of which we may accept and use as a part of the Moral Order and Purpose of the universe. But even all of these we may, on the other hand, willfully neglect, and, in so far, separate ourselves from the divine.

Our Ideal, moreover,—that high formation in every man from out of the inherent Moral Purpose of the universe resident in Humanity,—is all that is bright and pure and holy and wise and desirable. When we, by our own willfulness, by our own carelessness, by our own contented ignorance, fall short of the brightness of our Ideal, strive not for its holiness and wisdom, we so far, again, separate ourselves from Good. For this is the nature of the universe,—discover and use, or forfeit. Good is ever near. Nature's order and beauty,—the transcendent seed let fall into the heart of man in primal ages from the universe's natural, developing, overbrooding, interbrooding Spirit-Energy,—these beckon us ever toward perfection. The eternal order will not—can not, I say again—cast us out from itself. But shall the universe's Moral Purpose work for ever on, so far as the large part of mankind is concerned, unregarded?

And what about men's actual transgressions! Ah, would that every man might bear the full consequences of his own sin—and only of his own! But this is not the way of the universe. The consequences of sin are never absent; but, far too often, they fall upon guiltless souls. Pity, O spirit of remorseless Law, for those who, through *our* misdeeds, are made innocently to suffer! for those—our children, our friends, humanity—upon whom *our* shortcomings and sins bring sorrow and pain and loss!

And what of the "highest" in ourselves—that which religion calls the "soul"? Here, again, "law" is no less steadfast. Every guilty deed bears, *in itself*, its own retribution,—of pain, of remorse, of the likeness of death. And not in the possible future only, but now and here—if we have within us such natures as permit true manhood. *We are not what we might have been.* For that is what Moral Order means! In its service is joy and growth; in disobedience to it is wreck and loss. In carelessness of it is woe; in regard for it is fragrance and beauty like to the fragrance and beauty of the unheralded blossoms in a far-off State, with the story of which this discourse opened,—the blossoms coming no one knows whither, but full of grace and help, even in time of aridness and drought.

What, then, remains?

Bloom on, O flower, afar in Massachusetts green! Bloom on, and brighten, still, little children's eyes! give to youth and maiden happier ideal and converse! and to age, the blessed hope that the drought and dust of earth entire shall sometime end in the fresh rains and verdure of a ceaseless Springtime, of a land where it is always early morning, where blossoms of perennial glow and fragrance spring ever upon the Tree of Life.

And thou, too, bloom on, O bud of Moral Purpose in the soul of man! From out of the unseen thou, also, camest, and we know not, for surety, whence *thou* art. Yet know we that thou art of good! It is thou that dost bind us to the one, the eternal! In thee is the world's progressive Wonder and Nature of Things revealed! Our struggle for thee is a struggle towards the heart and soul of the universe; our grasping of thee is a grasping of the garment of the World-Mystery,—is a touch of the hand that alone shall lead us into peace.

The Deification of Man.

For two thousand years there have been theories formulated by philosophers in the endeavor to explain the origin, among the Greeks and Romans, of the idea of the Gods. Probably the most generally accepted theory, to-day, is that which makes the marvelous myths of antiquity concerning deities to be the storied personifications, on the part of the ancients, of the visible, natural phenomena of the world into which they were born. Apollo every day drove his chariot, the sun, across the heavens. Beneath Mount Ætna was the forge of Vulcan, spouting forth continually its flame and sparks. Neptune ever tossed his arms about wildly—the waves of the sea. And Æolus, the wind, dashed vessels in pieces, or bore them swiftly on their way.

To-day, we know that there is nothing supernatural. But neither in ancient times was anything conceived as being supernatural. The idea of the supernatural came in later. In the far times of which I speak, however, the lack of consciousness of the supernatural, amid all their fanciful, often wild ideas, was not in *disbelief*, through knowledge, as ours is; but in simple ignorance. For at that time it was not known that there was any such thing as *Nature*—the orderly, unintermittent ongoing of the universe's forces. All life and action, in early ages, wherever present, was looked upon as *arbitrary*. All was marvelous, mysterious, utterly uncomprehended. Every incident and event of the outward world—the rain, the wind, the thunder, the

movements of the heavenly bodies — were supposed to be, not at all under law, as we now know them, and resulting only through natural causation; but altogether erratic, and according to the fickle disposition of personal, inhabiting deities. Mankind, *then*, was utterly ignorant of the natural forces now comparatively familiar to men — gravitation, magnetism, molecular motion, the whole list of chemical, electrical and atmospheric forces which operate all about us. The ancients knew of no active force whatever except that of their own personal will. Naturally, therefore, they inferred that all actions outside of them, all the numberless activities of Nature, were the result likewise of will; of the volition of personal, incorporated spirits, even though these animating *devas* in which men believed were indeed invisible, and altogether unfathomed by mortal mind. In times as late as the seventeenth century, it is recorded, the great astronomer Kepler deemed every star propelled through the heavens by an attendant spirit.

With such idea as this of the world's forces came naturally, in ancient times, the religion of "sacrifices," to the all-powerful deities believed to be present everywhere; sacrifices in order that anger might be warded off, or blessing induced. Soon the sacrifices were accompanied by praises, and later by increasingly ritualistic services, with all species of pretended magic and divination.

It was about the time of the decline of the Roman Commonwealth, and of the inauguration of the Empire, that, among the more educated — among the philosophers, and even in the priesthood itself — the then-existing much corrupted worship of the Gods began to be intelligently and severely criticized, and even the existence itself of the popular deities called loudly in question. This very general and growing scepticism among

the intelligent ones of the people was the result of a widening intellectual development and of increased knowledge of the outward world. And moreover (for the advanced views of men naturally differed, then as always) the educated classes, in their theories, speedily became divided into two great parties. One of these, the Epicureans, led by Lucretius and Petronius, regarded the Gods simply as the creation of fear, and utterly denied their existence. The other party, the Stoics, became more or less Pantheistic in their faith, believing in "one all-pervading soul of Nature." Yet these, no less than the Epicureans, treated with unutterable contempt all the prevailing legends which made Gods in the likeness of men.

The worship of the old deities continued, indeed, among the common people, for centuries,—such worship was taught, and even commanded, by those in power, that the masses might be kept in subjection. But among the philosophers the labor, thought and service formerly bestowed upon the Gods came to be devoted to attempts to explain the origin of the popular faith. Worship was changed into criticism—that the truth might be made clear.

We have already seen what is the nineteenth century view of the Gods. But the modern theory, although in the present age first well elaborated, was not altogether unknown even among the philosophers of the early Empire. Some of the Stoics regarded the Gods as personifications of the different forms of Nature,—or, as they more often expressed it, of the "different attributes of the one all-pervasive power." Thus, as I have hinted, Æolus was the wind, Neptune the sea, Pluto was fire, Hercules represented the strength of God, Minerva the wisdom, Venus the outward beauty, Ceres the fertilizing energy, and so on. Indeed, it is recounted by Augustine, one of the

most widely-educated of the early christian fathers, than more than a hundred years before the Empire, Varro had declared that "the soul of the world is God, and its parts are true divinities."

It is mainly, however, with the theory of Euhemeros the Sicilian that I have to do now. Through many centuries his thought, however erroneous, or only partially correct, held popular sway over vast numbers, and even till within a hundred years has had great force. Euhemeros endeavored the very simple process of tracing all myths and superstitions concerning the Gods to a natural source in purely human incidents. He taught that "the Gods were originally great kings or heroes, whom their admirers had deified." "All that is related of the Gods," he said, "is but the exaggeration and glorification of common human events, which we may readily trace back to their historical sources."

A very natural theory was this of Euhemeros, and very probably not without some foundation of truth. At any rate, whether partially true or wholly false concerning the deifications of long past time, this theory *had a mighty influence in history subsequent to the propounder's own age.* This is my point now. For, an easy transition it was, in that corrupt and servile period, from the doctrine of past *dead* kings and heroes exalted to divinity, to the actual adoration of *living men* as Gods. The reigning emperors, under the inspiration of this idea, began to demand, and to receive, worship and divine honors. Why not they, as well as those who had gone before? Looking, moreover, to other lands, the emperors found as a common feature in the codes of law and religion of the Hindus, and in Hindu practice, the deification of reigning princes. This further urged them on, and apparently justified them, in their own course. In the Institutes of Manu it is written: "Even though a child, the king

must not be treated lightly, from the idea that he is a mere mortal. No; he is a powerful divinity who appears in mortal shape." Transmitted from India or Rome to the Eastern Branch of the christian church, this custom prevails in Russia even at the present day. In the popular religious catechism, prepared by the government and thrust upon the people by the royal edict, the Czar is *to-day* addressed as "our God on earth." The divine right of kings to govern wrong, dead in western Europe, is yet promulgated east of the Baltic. In India, five hundred years before the christian era, after the death of Gautama the Buddha, he was deified, and to-day is worshiped as Lord by five hundred millions of people. Alexander "the Great" built temples for his own worship as a God. Beginning with Augustus, the Roman emperors from that time down were so worshiped.

And in that age of the world, with these many imperial precedents in mind, *religious adherents also*, through Greece, Rome and Syria, began to canonize and deify their *great spiritual leaders.* The followers of Jesus did this,—indeed, they were compelled to do so. For, with so many Gods in their own religious galaxy, the Greeks and Romans, among the inferior ranks of whom christianity made its first great conquests, would and did look with disdain on a religion having a merely human leader—a Nazarene peasant. It is a remarkable fact that, if Jesus were really the almightybeing whom in the course of three centuries he came to be considered, his own family and nation should never have recognized him as such. Jesus' own countrymen, even his own followers, from Peter and John down,—the "Judaizing christians," so-called,—maintained to the last the simple humanity of their leader. And it was only among the Hellenists, that is, the Grecian and Alexandrian proselytes, that the man of

Nazareth came, in the course of three hundred years, to be *voted* "equal wih God and of the same substance with him." By a closely contested "vote," at the Council of Nicæa, as is now well-known to all,—300 years after Jesus' death,—and then only after bitter controversy; only after actual personal blows on the part of the contending bishops, and determined threats, falsity and intrigue on the part of the emperor Constantine, —was Jesus raised to the dignity of "God." Not until the year 325, when those priestly factions met at Nicæa, and stormed and howled and tore each other's theses to tatters, and spat in each other's faces in the presence of the emperor, was it decidedly known by the early christian world whether Jesus was a God-man or a Man-God.

So much for the "natural history," so to speak, of the deification of individual men,—this in one of its phases. And all this, friends, has seemed to you, I know, in one sense, as indeed in one sense it has seemed to me, barren of profit, and small of incentive for us to-day. Almost all of this has been the deification of merely meretricious earthly power and pomp, or the exaltation of simply temporal human greatness and desire, to identity or equality with the Mysterious Unknown, the hidden reality, the everywhere-present spirit of all.

But another and nobler phase of this old thought I would now touch upon, in the progress of the idea which I have in mind to set forth in this discourse. As mankind, through the long ages of its existence on earth, has grown, it has grown *in mind and soul*, as well as in things merely external and temporal. Long before the decline and death of the barren, profitless Greek and Roman idea of the Gods, in that idea's severe baldness, a deep spirituality had entered here and there into a few serious and worshipful souls, till these, now and then in the course of centuries,

came to bow in true, manly, uplifting, spiritual awe and adoration, before the mystery of the all-in-all. And also, which is really a more important point now, came to bow with earnest, hopeful search before the miracle of human life and *the mystery of human need and duty*. Five hundred years before Jesus, Pythagoras came very near to the truth concerning "the divine, all-pervading soul of things" (those are his own words), and declared that "to be truthful, and to do good" comprises the whole duty of man. Socrates also, four centuries before Jesus, dwelt much in the "unseen yet eternal," and lived for the good of his fellows. Seneca, again, could speak of "the guardian and ruler of the universe, the soul and spirit of all, the cause of causes upon which all things depend, from whom all things proceed, by whose spirit we live, who comprises all we see." How exalted this, above the gibings and immoralities of the more popular Gods of his time! how exalted above the gibings and immoralities even of Nicæa! And Lucan, once more, could dwell upon the divine as "that majestic, all-pervasive spirit, whose throne is virtue and the universe." So in other lands,—in India, in Persia, in China and Egypt, and in Judea. And with all this growing spirituality and nobler exaltation of soul in the presence of the one only supreme power, came also, on the part of these *later* men, as previously in the case of Pythagoras and Socrates, lofty desires for the uplifting of humanity. Indeed, it was the great, the never-ending, the age-after-age recurring cry of the human soul for a loftier hope, for a nobler ideal, a truer light, than any man in those distant ages could *seem* to set forth, that in the course of progress impelled serious, religious souls in all lands, first to go altogether outside of humanity in search of that which should bring the satisfaction of their needs,—creating thus a spiritual

pantheon; and in later years to seize enthusiastically, passionately, on actual, exalted human lives, lives of men, like the Buddha of India and the reformer of Galilee,—and uplift *them* to the divine.

Moreover, down through all the eighteen hundred years since Jesus, this same hope and longing, and this manifest *intent* to deify, has been time and time again manifested on the part of christian writers,—the *hope* and *longing* being held up by them, unhesitatingly, as ample justification in itself, of their assertion that the man Jesus was very God. Bishop Horne acknowledged that long before Jesus was born the doctrine of the "Incarnation" was of universal prevalence. "That God should," he said, "in some extraordinary manner visit and dwell with man is an idea which, as we read the writings of the ancient heathen, meets us in a thousand forms." Another, again, said, after a hundred others, that "many of the first christians being converts from Gentileism, their imaginations were familiar with the reputed incarnation of heathen deities." "How natural it would be, then, for such converts to worship Jesus as a God, *on account of his superior manhood*."

Men were crying, as they had cried for centuries, for a higher, truer, tenderer power than any which they *deemed* resident in themselves;—indeed, than any which Nature, *in perceptible measure*, had up to that time evolved. And dreaming that such power and love dwelt, personally, in some distant godhead, yonder somewhere above the stars, beyond the gold of sunsets, or high over the purple of mountains, they cried to it to come down from the heights, to learn their sorrows and needs, be touched with a feeling of their infirmities, and give them aid. A God of all pervasive *spirit* they could not comprehend—few can comprehend such yet, or

appreciate its mighty, uplifting power when embraced by the soul. But a God coming down to earth from above, dwelling in the flesh, and thence returning to the skies,—such as that they could understand. And moreover, such a God as that, through his coming, would know in reality, thereafter, the temptations and sorrows of men, could pity their woes, and upon his return to his own realm would realize how, justly, to judge them,—that is, pityingly,—and forever after do them good. Men wanted God *near*, and were bound to have God near. Archbishop Tillotson, of the Church of England, as late as the seventeenth century, went so far as to say that, there being in Jesus' time a great *inclination* in mankind to the worship of a visible deity, "God was pleased to appear in our nature, that they who were so fond of a visible deity might have one"! And even Dr. Thomas Arnold of the present century, who died only about forty years ago,* wrote thus: "The incarnation of Christ was *very necessary*, especially at a time when men were *so accustomed* to worship the highest Gods under the form of men."

Upon this desire for and worship of a mere external deity, however, we have not time now to dwell. There is something better for us. For it is a truth, a deeper, nobler, more hopeful truth, that men have not only called down, as they have believed, a God from heaven to dwell among them, but have, indeed and in truth, raised up their moral and spiritual fellows to the height of God! have made deities of those who, although actually,—in all points,—like as they were; of the same blood and bones, of the same passions and needs,—were yet, at the same time, by purity of ancestry, and by resolute, long,

* This discourse was written in December of 1884.

personal self-restraint and self-reliance, a degree, or a number of degrees, above them,—and by their acquired mental and moral and spiritual superiority to the common run of humanity *set an uplifting example*, gave the world incentive and moral power to be even as they the "saviours" themselves were. Here were *men* of sympathy, who knew humanity's trials; *men* who were near—nearer than any "God" could be who in himself had power other than human power; *men* who set a noble example of truth, purity and good-will; *men* who were able to conquer the evil about them and within them, put it under their feet, and say grandly, sublimely to their fellows, "Do you also overcome! for to him that overcometh will I,—even I,—give to sit down with me upon my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with the Infinite Helpfulness upon its throne." "Will *I* give"!—how? "By right and power of my love and devotion and *ennobling example*."

What wonder that the race has made such men as these Gods!—even though the inherent divinity of these men has indeed been simply and only in an ideal humanity well lived out, and in their courageous struggle for the good and the true, whatever the obstacles!

Such, then, is another and nobler chapter in the history of the Deification of Man,—a rich, golden-lettered chapter, if indeed, in one sense, a *palimpsest*, from earliest times, over and over written.

The third chapter is yet all unwritten. I can not, therefore, recount it for you, friends, here and now. But there is *to be* another chapter. And I deem we may *prophesy* what it shall be. We cannot recount it, for it has not yet happened. But we can look ahead; we can take the past and from it anticipate the future. And that is my whole idea in this discourse. All

that I have yet said is preparatory to what I would say.

Whatever the origin of their ideas, men have always dreamed of Gods;—of beings of higher power, and generally of holier purpose, than their own power and purpose,—*and yet still humanlike.* And not only have they dreamed of Gods as men, but of men as Gods.

Is there indeed no truth,—no living, vital soul of truth,—in humanity's age-long dream of "divine-human" incarnations? Most certainly,—*I* believe,—there is! I do not believe that through thousands on thousands of years man's soarings and gropings the world over have been for nothing—altogether meaningless, foundationless—a mockery, a delusion. I believe, rather, that, however crude the idea as yet in our thought,—however much yet to be purified and enlarged,—the eternal life-presence of all worlds (God, with the clarified idea of God) *is* incarnated, deep incarnated, in *every* human soul. Rather, *is* every human soul. The animating Spirit of Nature, wherever manifested (call it what you will), is forever one and the same. *Our* spirits are breaths of the Mighty Breath.

What is really the truth concerning "God," friends, as that truth is to-day read (or dreamed) by the advance thought of the world—by the deepest, tenderest, most spiritual minds of the race? God is no longer a defined, bounded, circumscribed "deity," tied up anywhere within temporal and spacial limits,—but is the animating genius of the universe, for the first time "infinite" and "eternal" in the minds of men since modern discovery and research have found God thrilling in the farthest star, and existing backward and forward forever beyond the limits of human appreciation;—while bound up with "God," inseparably and henceforth forever bound up with God, is Man.

"Behold I show you a mystery." The eternal world-presence — and Man!

And would that I had the power, friends, to set these forth to you,— these two mighty facts, — this *one* mighty fact of the universe,— this duality in unity, — as I have vision of it! For in the reasonable thought of this there is inspiration to much upbuilding work. In the reasonable thought of this there is "joy and peace in believing."

Let us meditate just a moment, as best we may in our ignorance and blindness, on this great theme,— and arise to the buffeting and mystery of life with renewed hope and faith, resolved on new, untiring endeavor, on stronger, nobler effort than we have ever yet made, to live worthy of our high vocation and exalted nature.

Let us meditate on the eternal Presence, the World-Spirit, the overbrooding and interbrooding Energy of the Cosmos; formless indeed, except as the universe is formed; and inconceivable: yet manifested how abundantly to our thought and sense. The force which is the life of all things — unknown, indeed, and yet, in manifestation again, how well known. The mysterious entity in which we and all things else are bound up and inclosed.

> "Breathing in the thinker's creed,
> Pulsing in the hero's blood;
> Secret of the morning stars,
> Motion of the oldest hours;
> Nature's uncreated Word,
> Atom and Infinity!"

Mother of man's time-traveling generations, the breath of his nostrils, the heart-blood of his heart. The inspiration of the gently-circling planet, and of the wild, fiery swoop of the comet, and of the red, gushing torrent which courses through every vein and artery in our bodies —

star and pulse-beat throbbing rythmically together. Life that thrills in the inaudible current that surges through every leaf in the summer forest; life that invigorates the tiniest grass-blade. Law that disposes the unvarying formation of every crystal and every snow-flake. A mighty, mystic presence as widely and deeply interfused throughout and among all worlds as is the enveloping atmosphere and the mysterious ether beyond.

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, *and in the mind of man*,—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

And let us meditate on Man. On man as we *now know him*,—inhabited, from the very first, even from the time when as yet he was only as the formless vapor or the senseless clod, by the potential spirit of the eternal. Man,—

"For whose birth the whole creation yearned
Through countless ages of the morning world;
Who, first through fiery vapors fiercely hurled,
Next to the senseless crystal slowly turned,
Then to the plant, which grew to something more,
Humblest of creatures that draw breath of life;
Wherefrom, through infinities of patient pain,

he came finally to consciousness and growing power.

"*While the long way behind is prophecy*
Of those perfections which are yet to be."

Without doubt, *in man himself*,—thrilled through, as he is, and animated by the life-breath of the universe,—exists power potential for his every needful victory. In man himself "the God" is *forever* incarnated. And men dream

not of this, nor put the God-power within them to helpful use, but still search longingly without, and pray upward empty words into the void of space, while the living presence of the worlds thrills and throbs all about them, crying to them to accept its great salvation! *Outside*, men have sought; upward and yonder, for sympathy, and nearness, and high example; for power to conquer evil, for providential aid and succor. But every "saviour" of the race, time and time again, invariably, has proved to the world, even though he himself may have held differently, that *in man* —in generous, whole-souled, lofty-minded Man— is the God of help and sympathy and patience and providence.

Would that the world might recognize this, and men begin to act out their Godhood!—making *themselves* a providence to each other; making *themselves* incarnate love and pity and sympathy and patience and good-will, and putting away from them forever all selfishness and avarice and hatred and evil passion. What a bound onward would humanity make, if such era as this might only come about; if men would only quit their fruitless wailings and chantings and prayings to *a God outside*,—a misunderstood, practically non-existent God,—and bend their prayers to the God within! For therein, friends, lies the future hope of the world—in self-reliance! complete self-reliance!—not forever in supine dependence! "*This* is the way, the truth, and the life."

"I saw on earth another light
  Than that which lit my eye,
Come forth as from the soul within,
  And from a higher sky.

"'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam;
  It shone from God within,
And lit as by a lamp from heaven
  The world's dark track of sin."

The age-accumulating dream of the world, the universal longing of man for a present, helpful, sympathetic God is not all a mockery. But surely, if there were any power *outside*, which, in the nature of things as the universe exists, *could* help and save, long ere this, to relieve the world's sin and misery, it would have stretched one finger forth, or breathed one helpful, answering word! But that is not the nature of the universe-power, nor the way it works. We know, to-day, that every step of humanity's progress has been a step taken by *man*. So far as is concerned the uplifting and growth of man, the universal power works *through men*. We know, to-day, that every word of hope and light ever uttered for humanity's guidance has been a word spoken by man. We know there *is* a progressive God incarnate in *him;* a God that does, in pure and lofty souls, sympathize and help and uplift, and cheer the world on.

That is all. That is the third chapter. It needs no elaboration. Only, let us strive, friends, henceforth, each one of us,— as we all may, and as we have never done before,— both for our own sake and for the sake of others,— to realize well our possibilities, our inherent divinity; bring it forth into the light. And live as *recognizing* ourselves infinite souls, a help and a joy and an uplifting power to all about us.

Men make *themselves* deified. They are not made so by others. Others come in only to ratify the deification. A throne awaits us all, if we are faithful,— a throne in the kingdom of the world's progress; a throne whose reign shall be a helpful life,— the exaltation of Mankind.

Equilibrium.

I am to speak of Equilibrium. In other words, of self-control, or self-possession.

To use one or two colloquial terms, the majority of men are "crotchety," "cranky," "erratic," lacking in balance, lacking in stability, given to the following of impulse, given to impatience, and in some degree, greater or less, to vice and passion — their bodies warring against their minds, their minds against their bodies, and their souls, often, against both. Equilibrium! What a boon this would be to most men! Self-control, — self-possession, — these should be their "salvation"!

Even physically, it would seem that Nature did not originally intend man to stand upright! It is a somewhat singular fact — or appears so, at first glimpse — that, of all animals on earth, man is the only one, physically speaking, that is out of structural equilibrium. Not many people are aware of the fact, perhaps; but, as every sculptor knows, and possibly every anatomist, the body of a man is decidedly "top-heavy," as we use that term. No perfectly formed statue of a man or woman would ever stand upon its feet. It would topple over. So with man himself, if, from the very first, he were not continually if indeed unconsciously "holding himself up." Man's physical structure is such that his "center of gravity," so to speak, — the "line of direction" of his body, to use the technical phrase, — falls outside the base. Man is the only animal that in walking turns out the toes; — this obviously to

increase the breadth of the base supporting the body. Watch a child learning to walk, or to stand alone. How difficult a matter the child finds it! How it sways, backward and forward, catching at the table-cover,—and leans this way and that, reaching for a chair or the window-sill. Watch a drunken man, whose brains are so befogged that even his unconscious will is, for the time being, suspended. How he totters, and stumbles,—and shortly goes down in the gutter. The child, however, by frequent practice, soon acquires the power, or accomplishment, of balancing its body to a nicety. Very soon it is so perfectly in possession of the power of equilibrium that chairs, the wall, even mother's hand, are altogether needless longer. In a brief time further, even all conscious personal effort in standing or walking is suspended. Thenceforth the will operates wholly unconsciously. The human being walks or runs or leaps automatically as it were, without thought or care. But, naturally, the human body is not in equilibrium.

The explanation of this singular feature in man's physical structure—this feature of "top-heaviness"—is perhaps not difficult to work out. The evolutionist, I presume, would say at once,—though I have never seen such idea presented in this connection,—Man's upright position is really *an acquirement*; is not his original nor his normal attitude. He once went upon "all fours"; and now, naturally, having come to stand upon two limbs, finds equilibrium and locomotion difficult.

Such explanation as this of that peculiarity inherent in man's physical structure of which I have spoken, leads me just here to a point of interest and value. Man's position as an *upright being* is an *acquirement*. He did not have it at the first,—that is, away back in the far centuries. It is something which he has *come into*, in the

process of his development during hundreds of thousands of years.

To a great many people, the idea that man has descended from the lower animals — or, rather, more correctly, the idea that man has risen, been evolved from the lower animals, is an idea very distasteful. I myself, however, do not see why it should be so. For me, there is much of encouragement, much of hopeful prophecy, in the thought,— especially when it is contrasted with the more popular theory, the church-theory, of "creation." The older theological idea concerning man's origin, including as it necessarily does the idea of man's "fall," makes man to-day the degraded offspring of a race once far higher and purer than it now is. The doctrines of evolution, on the contrary, show man to-day the exalted offspring of a race once ignorant and weak. If the former theory, the theological thought, be indeed true, and man's history on earth be really one of retrogression from primal glory and happiness, then is there no depth, logically following out the line of this argument, to which man may not yet, still farther, fall. This is legitimate reasoning. What of hope or light is here I cannot see. But if man, through all the past, has *risen*, and to-day, from out of weakness has come into strength, out of darkness has come into light, and is still in possession of all his normal powers, in possession even of *added* powers,— then is there no height to which he may not yet, still farther, attain. Who would not belong to such race as the latter, rather than to such a race as the former? Who would not rather be a risen man than a fallen saint!

Surely, the high from the low seems, in every way, better and worthier than the low from the high; the high from the low seems the more natural and more consistent method; the high from the low rather than the low from the high

seems the method more hopeful for man and more honorable to Nature.

"Beneath this starry arch
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things have their march,
As if by one great Will.
Moves one, move all,—hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever!"

In Nature, in the long run, there is no retrogression. There is no "fall." All, in the wide spiral sweep, is progress. At times,—though always temporarily,—there may seem to be a "going back," a falling off in grace, in beauty, in power, in apparent meaning. But there is never a *halt;* and after the "falling away,"—of a moment's space,—comes an onward leap of a thousand years.

Marvelous is the sublime interworking force! Before the mighty mystery of the unknown—before the sublime reality of the universe's life-energy we bow in awe, in wonder, in adoration. We can not fathom it. We can not explain it. Much less can we "*explain it away*," as some are charged with trying to do. But *who wishes* to explain it away! Our wish, the rather, is to take it into our lives! our desire is to open our souls to it. Rather than wishing to do away with it, we bow before it in uplifting, silent, soulful aspiration, and *rejoice that we are part and parcel of it all;* that we cannot be lost to it, nor separated from it, whether in life or death! rejoice that we are of it, that we came out from it, that we have our existence in it, that finally we go back to it! Much less, indeed, than fathoming the greatness of the Eternal Mystery, and "explaining God away," we do not fathom even our own greatness, nor can we explain ourselves. We do not see one step before us; we do not understand what lies one day ahead of

us. We only "feel that we are greater than we know." We dimly grasp that even "*now* are we the sons of God" (the offspring of the eternal energy), though indeed "it doth *not* yet appear what we shall be." And in this faith we have courage to go on. Far from denying or doubting, or striving to explain away, we wait with eager hope till all shall be revealed.

This is the reverent attitude, I am confident, in which every earnest and sincere teacher of the modern ideas of man's origin stands, throughout the world, to-day. Says Prof. Huxley himself,—"So far as *I* can humbly venture to offer an opinion on such a subject, the purpose of our being in existence, the highest object that human beings can set before themselves, is not the pursuit of any such chimera as the annihilation of the unknown; it is simply the unwearied endeavor to remove its *boundaries* a little further from our sphere of action."

The removal of the boundaries from man's sphere of action! Could anything be more desirable? Yet that is what all the earnest ones among the holders and teachers of modern scientific doctrines have in mind — action! Self-help on the part of the world! Not the doing away with a *reasonable* idea of the universe's unfathomed force, but the upbuilding of men! Action, self-control, self-guidance, on the part of humanity, through a knowledge of the ways in which, in the past, life and progress have *really* come to be; and through a knowledge of how life and health and happiness and growth may be *yet more exalted and ennobled*, and mankind gain the mastery over all the evil forces and tendencies which now hold it back and keep it low.

Humanity's complete self-control! Perfect "self-possession" on the part of men! A complete and perfect *Equilibrium*, physical, mental, moral, spiritual; Equilibrium in all possible

directions! *This* is what the modern thought of man's origin, and of man's growth upward, has in mind for humanity, in all of its researches, and in all its publication of new truth.

And in this line let us continue our thought, now, a little farther.

I said, in beginning, that man's power of physical equilibrium, his power of standing erect bodily, with his face towards heaven, and of maintaining himself in that position while at repose or while walking, was an acquired power. I said that man did not have this power at the first, but that it is something which he has come into. It is something which man has *gained:* and which he gained in the first place, without doubt, through much of pain and stumbling; through much of patience and fresh trial and determined will. Nature is never in a hurry when she is bringing something grand to be. Moreover, it is something, as I said, which every child has anew to learn, in some degree, though indeed the accomplishment is now largely hereditary or instinctive.

A glance upward towards the stars, perhaps, or towards a cluster of high-hanging fruit, or towards a bunch of gorgeous blossoms on the topmost bough of a tree,—some such thing as this was it which first carried man's face, centuries ago, skyward,—heavenward. Repeated glances upward drew his arms and hands also, in time, sympathetically, from the earth, that he might also *grope* upward, as well as gaze,—feeling after that which drew him on; "feeling after it if haply he might find it." And so he grew.

From very low powers and very low forms indeed has man progressed, through the countless centuries. *But upward he has come*, till now, even physically, he has reached grace, suppleness and power, so that men have come to talk even

of "the human form divine." And all his progress — this is my point now : all his progress, in *every* direction, — mental and spiritual, as well as physical, — has been *through this same upward look!* Through the desire for something higher! Through the inworking divine energy throbbing within his soul and urging him on. All his progress has been made through keeping his natural vision open to the marvelous beauty of the outward world ; — through keeping his naturally growing mind open to the beauty of knowledge, open to the desirability of new attainment, of ever-fresh acquirement ; — through the keeping of his soul ever open and responsive to the upward-drawing cords of that Over-Soul, that interfused spirit of all things in the universe, which we call Divine.

And so must it ever be. So has it been ; so is it now : and so will it be, so *must* it be, if by man complete self-possession, the highest self-possession, the complete equilibrium of all his powers, is ever gained. It will be through the upward look!

And moreover, now, it will not be a light task that he has before him. It will be a difficult task. Perilous, oftentimes, has been man's journey upward thus far. Yet a mighty goal has ever beckoned him on, — and the prize has seemed worth the race. In labors, in severest toils, he has been abundant ; in stripes above measure, in disappointments more frequent, in deaths oft. Myriads of times he has been beaten by Nature's rods — Nature has often seemed not to care for him overmuch. Often she has stoned him, often she has poisoned him, and stung him with serpents. And so will it be for many seasons yet. Thousands of times man has suffered shipwreck, millions of days and nights he has been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own

world-fellows, in perils in cities, in perils in the wilderness; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,—this has been his lot. Through all this he has passed. Yet he has been ever courageous, and has ever progressed, has ever kept his face towards the sky, his gaze on the stars, his mind on knowledge, his heart on good. *Till we see him where he is to-day.* Through thousands on thousands of years he has been seeking Equilibrium—mental, and moral, and spiritual equilibrium; has been fighting the low things around him and in him, and seeking the high things. And now,—now, in this age,—a hundred evil demons vanquished, a hundred hold-backs and superstitions forever past,—he is coming to where he shall *find* equilibrium. And to where, having found it, he shall perfect it.

How! How! We all are interested here. How is it that man now, at last, shall really find that which so long he has sought, and, having found it, perfect it?

I say again, it shall not be done easily. The movement towards equilibrium was not begun easily—we know that. It has not been approximated easily—we have seen that. Then shall its fruition not be easy either—we may be very confident of that. Harden your muscles, therefore, friends, and make stout your hearts and your wills. For, *if you are men*, you must take part in this conflict,—you must not shirk your share in it.

And the victory is sure. We have encouragement. Here and there, in every age, some few men have risen, who have well been able to say to us, "Not only from our study, our knowledge of humanity's past history, as a whole; not only from our limited observation of the life-struggles of other individual men and women, *but out of our own wearying and painful, yet ever hopeful*

experience, we can say this to all of you, our fellows: 'Harden your muscles,' and so on; and can tell you that the task before humanity, in the matter in hand, is not an easy one, *and yet that victory is sure.*"

But tell *me*, friends, what *you* think of it! you who, when you would do good, find evil ever present with you,—tell me! You who know that the price of all true attainment in life is ceaseless activity, yet find yourselves slothful, and easily disposed to put duty off,—tell me! You who know that every soul that reaches an exalted height of being does so through the constant presence and nurture of a lofty zeal and ambition, and yet feel that for the attainment of high ideals *you* have not the persistent will,—tell me! You who know that serenity of spirit under trial, and the manful endurance of evil and of temptation, are necessary to true beauty of life, and yet find yourselves peevish and cross-grained and easily in despair,—tell me! You who know the purity of heart and of life, the putting away of evil thoughts and the successful combating of evil promptings, that are necessary to perfect standards of soul, and even to perfect health of body, and yet who find yourselves, how often! harboring impure thoughts and giving way to petty vices, and meeting, both in soul, and in nerve, bone, and marrow, the sting that follows broken law,—tell me! You who know the value of time, and how every moment should be made to count, and yet so often waste hours and days, —tell me! You who know the loyal example of honesty, generosity and sobriety which every true man should set in the sight of his fellows, yet allow yourselves to perpetrate meannesses and be cowardly rather than courageous in the presence of truth and goodness,—tell me! You who know all the hundred and the thousand right demands and necessities which fall upon

you as men and women, in every department of life, and which, if you are true and loyal to your ideal, you know you must bravely meet and determinedly fulfill,—yet find yourselves weak and vacillating and easily put to rout and even to despairing flight,—you tell me! Do *you* think that the attainment of perfect equilibrium in heart and soul and mind on the part of humanity as a whole is any light thing? is to be an easy thing?

No, we must recognize the fact! It is not to be an easy thing. It is to be a very difficult thing. But perfect Equilibrium must sometime be gained, or true peace, true harmony and symmetry will never be man's lot. We can not emphasize *this* truth too often or too much, even while recognizing the immensity of the problem. But the prize is still worth the race. It will indeed be a matter to tax every man's strength and loyalty to the utmost. But the gain is sure. It is to be a matter ten times more difficult, and perhaps requiring ten times more centuries, than the whole past progress of man including even his struggle up from the lowest animalism to that point where first he lifted his gaze to heaven a *conscious* soul, and began to dream the dreams of God, of morality, and of immortality! Because down through all these hundreds of centuries during which the race has been slowly stumbling up out from lowness and ignorance into nobility, *it has been bringing along with it*, together with the gradually growing spiritual, together with its aspirations after the divine, *some remnant large or small* of all the passions and jealousies, and instinctive avarice, and revengefulness, and evil appetites, of its centuries of previous animalism. And all these things—every evil incentive of mind and body, every incentive to base, abnormal gratification, and to the pampering of low appetites,—all these things

must be brought into full, instant, active obedience to the warnings of reason and the demands of the will, before man stands up free, harmonious, symmetrical,—body, mind and soul all in complete and perfect equilibrium. Thousands of years of struggle are yet before the race. We have to work on long lines. We can not say to humanity, with a single word of miracle, "Be clean!" But the great work can be done. It must be done. And I know, friends, that sometime it *will* be done. I look ahead down the years,—many though they be,—and see the glorious consummation! I believe in it! And I want, in some reasonable way, to have a part in it. I want *you*, in some reasonable way, to have a part in it. "The way man has come," one has well said, "points the way that he is to go. And I deem he has not come, as yet, even to the half-way house upon his upward climb." Inspiring words!

The mighty work of the developing spirit of the worlds in the soul of man has by no means yet reached its full. It will not have reached its full until that far time—would indeed that it might more speedily come than we have wise grounds for hoping!—when man's every lofty *desire* shall meet fruition in *act!* When soul and body shall be no longer at war; when all that is low and base in man's nature shall be rooted out, and the high and noble take their place; when obedience to the laws of life, and the happy combination of all proper functions with their legitimate gratification shall insure perfect health of body and unclouded activity and tranquillity of mind; when serenity of disposition shall be with men, rather than bitterness and weariness and dissatisfaction; when smiles shall take the place of grief; when men, through larger co-operation, shall rest from their severer labors, from all

pain, from all corroding cares and weakness; when they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; when there shall be no more war nor deceit nor oppression,—for all these things shall have passed away.

I believe, friends, there will come such a time as this,—though it may not be for centuries. I believe the developing spirit of the universe has it yet in store for men! This has been the dream of the world from earliest recorded times, and it shall yet have fulfillment. Men have been aiding it on, themselves, always—the leaders of men have, at least,—the Moseses and the Buddhas, the Zoroasters and Confuciuses, the Jesuses and the Emersons, the Darwins and the Spencers. And so, in a smaller way, all ministers of good, all teachers of truth and progress, however humble. So, too, the smallest real workers in every village and city and country-town throughout the world, who strive for the moral health of the community, who take the great questions of temperance and of social purity and of political uprightness to their bosoms, and strive in any *rational* way to solve them. So again, every individual man and woman in private life is a laborer too, when each strives *with himself*, under whatever incentive, whether of religion, or ethics, or simple love of the good, to make and keep *himself* true and pure and clean, putting away all impatience and covetousness, and indolence, and evil passion, and opening the soul to Truth and the Light.

May we all have strength to do well our part! May we not be discouraged at the magnitude of the task. I know it seems sometimes like trying to stand a pyramid on its apex—this struggle of the world's leaders for the exaltation and benefit of humanity in the mass. I know it seems sometimes like trying to plow the air—our own indi-

vidual struggle with our own lives, our endeavor to make *them* fair and pure and sweet. But let not even this affright or dishearten us. Every little helps on. And social progress — the "salvation" of the world from evil and selfishness — depends altogether upon individual progress. While there is courage, moreover, there is always hope. And we know that the end, both for ourselves and for the world, if we are earnest, must be good. We may not see the fruition — time is brief and we go our way. But there shall be fruition — others shall see it, and enter into it.

"Not unbelief, nor ignorance, nor doubt,
Shall keep our heaven out:
Though this, and this indeed, is present hell,—
To see afar a brighter future shine,
With light as from some hidden shrine,"—

and, clogged by fear or doubt, give up in despair, turning ourselves only to old-time thought, or else only to pitiful unbelief. Infidelity? Atheism? Nay, the only real atheist is "he who does not believe that an ideal justice and truth can conquer in the world"; the only real atheist is he, *of whatever religious or irreligious creed*, who does not believe that the universe is on the side of right, and that the final outcome of things for all men shall be sweet and sane.

But everything depends upon ourselves. Let us strive then, friends, *ourselves*, henceforth, each one of us, for greater approach to true self-possession than we have ever before known; for greater approach to equilibrium of life; strive for patience and purity; for full, free, complete self-control, and growth, in every department of our nature. So then our bodies shall no longer war against our minds, nor our minds against our bodies, nor our souls against either. Then, our physical frames will be indeed fit temples of

the holy spirit of life that is in them; our minds, through careful study and wise use of opportunities, will behold more of the truth and beauty of this marvelous world in which we live: our souls will be built up in saving faith and trust. For thus shall we not be afraid, nor ashamed, as men and women, to lift our faces, as once our far ancestors lifted theirs for the first time, towards the unbounded skies, our eyes being opened towards the stars, reading in them a manifestation of the hidden beauty and life which called them, as it called us, into being, and which still, pulsating in our souls as in the farthest sun, invites us, too, to harmony with itself, the eternal spirit of things, in which alone is peace.

"The Holy Spirit."

The present age, we are accustomed to say, is an age of ever-changing thought, through the attainment of higher truth; an age, too, of new, scientific inspiration and enthusiasm, through the presence of this truth. Yet was there, undoubtedly, in much of the older thought, however hidden beneath form and phrase, an ever-present "soul of truth," possessing its own inspiration and engendering its own enthusiasm. What is itself truth does not ever really change. Its outward garb or expression changes.

It is a delight, oftentimes, in the present age, to trace out, so far as we can, by comparison with the new, the spirit of truth which inhabited the old. It is something of this kind that I propose to do in this discourse. From the standpoint of modern scientific thought I wish to speak on a very old-time theme. By contrast, however, rather than by comparison, the old view of our subject will be seen; I will not have opportunity, in one discourse, for direct and formal comparison. I propose to speak of "The Holy Spirit." And I trust that in our present, modern treatment of the theme, much that has often seemed far away and mystical to us may be brought near, and proved of incentive and of strength.

A divine idea! A holy spirit! Every noble and helpful idea which takes possession of the hearts of men and lifts them upward; which tends to perfect mankind, in brain, in body, in spirit, is a divine idea. And the spirit in which

all true leaders and inspirers of men labor, and have labored since the beginning of the world, is a holy spirit.

Moreover, without the animating, encouraging, directing influence of a great idea—an idea which takes possession of heart and brain and will; which reigns supreme over the life, determining every thought and act, and this extending oftentimes over the space of many years—there never yet was accomplished a magnificent work, a work worthy of record as the turning point either of a nation's history or of the humblest individual life. Possessed by *some* divine, animating, all-absorbing "holy spirit" men must be, or their lives are insipid, stagnant, valueless, and so far as is concerned a noble warfare with life's thousand ills, or any influence for good which they leave behind them, they might as well never have lived. Look at the Buddha, at Jesus, at Confucius, at Wendell Phillips—men of influence age-long and great—the essential spirit of life in whom must, in the nature of things, have influence over the lives of men through all the ages to come. *They were men possessed of a great idea.* A mighty thought was in the deep, peaceful heart of them; a purpose, which was all in all to them throughout their lives. All in all to them! Their surroundings, their circumstances, were nothing to them! Poverty, persecution, alienation from home and friends, personal indignities without number—all these, if not unnoted by them, were at least uncared for; all these were as nothing—if only they might *pursue that idea* of theirs (whatever it might be), and propagate it; if only through their life and teachings, through their sufferings, through their own manifest love and patience and the example of their own fidelity, mankind might be brought to that vision of the eternally true, the eternally just, to that vision of

life and of duty, which *they* had been empowered to look upon.

They were possessed of a holy spirit. Their power was the power of a holy spirit. And through them great wonders were worked for the uplifting and benefit of men.

But this spirit, or power, of theirs was not exceptional in kind with them,—rather was it exceptional only in degree,—from the spirit for good possessed by all men. Their spirit was a spirit which, if educated, encouraged, *and hearkened to*, may be heard by every man, appointing him to some great work; if not indeed to the mighty work of some great hero, at least to a life of labor, of patience, of fidelity, of constant hope.

Ponder, a moment, the different manner in which the spirit which was in them has affected a few others of the world's leaders. The spirit which was in them is a spirit which inspires different men to different work. It appointed Abraham to leave the land and the home, and the Gods, of his fathers, and go forth he knew not whither—though to the founding, as it proved, of a new and influential nation. It appointed Moses to the leadership of Israel in its migration from Egypt. It appointed Galileo to scan the heavens and discover something of the stellar verities, and the rotundity and motion of the earth. It appointed Luther to his battle with the hierarchy, and his victory over the church in favor of independent thought. It appointed Columbus to discover a new world, and Washington and Paine to save that newly discovered country from the unjust demands of an older and mightier people. It appointed Theodore Parker to his work in freeing true religion from the usurpation of forms and creeds. It appointed Sir Charles Lyell, and Charles Darwin, and a host of living writers whom we might name, to their great work in solving the mystery of the

age and formation of the earth and the origin of the different forms of life inhabiting the globe,—giving men new incentive to faithful living and constant upward struggle. And so on. In all these cases it was the same holy spirit at work which appointed the man Jesus and the man Gautama and the man Phillips to their forceful life-work,—the preaching of a truer gospel to the poor (as was the case with all of them), the healing of the broken-hearted, the preaching of deliverance to all captives, of recovery of sight to the morally blind, the setting at liberty them that are bruised, the preaching of the acceptable year of humanity.

The power which dwelt in Jesus and Confucius and Isaiah and Phillips and Emerson, and the rest, was not an exceptional power, not an exclusive power, but one possible to all. As Jesus himself is reported once to have said to his disciples, and, through them, to the world for all time, "*Ye* shall receive power,"—power like unto his own; power greater than his own, indeed; for, "Greater works than these of mine shall ye do," he hinted to them on another occasion, "since I go away." As if he had said, "Notwithstanding the high place, my disciples, to which you would exalt me in this new work in behalf of men, I have made only a beginning, and you will add to what I have done." And on the first occasion of which I spoke he told them *how*, as I began to quote: "*Ye* shall receive power," he said to them,—power to go forward with this new gospel of peace and good-will,—"after that the holy spirit is come upon *you*." The holy spirit, that is (as I understand him to have meant), really to continue his work; *the divine desire and impulse* to seek truth, and to pursue it, as he had done; to search out the origin and meaning of life; to raise the fallen, cheer the blind, reach out a hand to those lower

down. In a word, the holy spirit which should inspire his followers to lift up the world. This was the spirit which animated Jesus himself, and which animated every true soul who, during all the history of mankind, has labored to educate and elevate the world, to give nobler ideas of life, to point men to a higher destiny, to combine the sympathies of men in all nations, cause wars and social injustice to cease, bring light out of darkness and joy out of sorrow. The holy spirit which animated them all was *the natural spirit of humanity at its best.*

Humanity's natural spirit was it, I say. There was nothing about it that was supernatural. *And yet, at the same time, it was divine.* The natural, at its best, is always the divine.

I said, in beginning,—Every noble and helpful idea which takes possession of the hearts of men and lifts them upward; which tends to perfect mankind, in brain, in body, in spirit, is a divine idea; and the spirit in which all true leaders and inspirers of men labor and have labored since the beginning of the world is a holy spirit. In the view of modern science *the universe is permeated* by a progressive influence; a "holy spirit" (we may safely dare call it) of truth and rightness; a tendency, name it what we will, of increasing perfection. It pervades the stars in their orbits, the lily in the field, the vine on the tree, the tree itself. *And it pervades man.* And in planet and lily and vine and tree and man it is essentially one and the same. The holy spirit which was in Jesus and all other leaders of men was this holy spirit; which to a certain extent is in you and me is this.

And this holy spirit is divine, did I say? It is the All-in-all in man! It is the developing spirit of the universe! the upward-reaching, outward reaching, onward-reaching power, or faculty, or energy, dwelling everywhere,—dwelling in us

and in all things,—and making, eternally, towards truth and rightness and progress. It is science's noblest word to the modern world that THIS is "the spirit of the eternal, that giveth understanding"!

> "A subtle chain of countless rings
> The nearest to the farthest brings;
> The eye reads omens where it goes,
> And speaks all languages the rose;
> And, striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

And every good work of man,—whether victory over sin and ignorance, whether the granting of liberty to a people enslaved, whether the discovery of a new planet or a new continent, or the invention of a sewing-machine, or the writing of a helpful book, or the raising of a fine crop of wheat, or the faithful performance of our own little duties from day to day,—all these, *so far as they tend to the life and growth* and true progress of ourselves and of the world, are inspired by one and the same holy spirit.

> "There is no great, and no small,
> To the soul that maketh all;
> And where it cometh, all things are;
> *And it cometh everywhere.*"

Pervading the universe in all its vast extent is the developing, upholding, animating spirit which is the energy of the visible worlds and of all they contain; the power out of which we, you and I, have come, body and mind, and of which we are a part. To be in perfect accord with this spirit of power which fills the universe is *perfect existence* for every atom which goes to make up the throbbing worlds. To be in perfect accord with this spirit *of life* is perfect existence for everything that has breath—is "true communion" with the universe's "holy spirit." To be *out* of

harmony with this spirit of life and power is ruin and disaster, pain and death. For the planet which should swerve a hair's breadth from its appointed course, utter ruin, complete extermination. For the human being who ignores the laws of life, ruin no less, and finally, if the inharmony continues, physical extermination as complete. For the bird which, flying over the sea, weights its beak and its talons with carrion, or droops its wings and ceases with steady and tireless blows to beat the air, death in the wave below. For the spirit in human guise, which, floating in the universe of spirit which envelops it, over-weights itself with carnal pleasures or ceases to struggle ever upward, ceases to expand itself, or is content to droop its pinions, perhaps even to dive willfully downward, disaster no less sure and certain.

Happily for us and for all things, however, the universe is more than *permeated* by this holy spirit of life and power. Every atom in every star thrills *responsive* to the energy which developed it, and answers unerringly to the call which continues to animate it. Eight years before her last transit across the face of the sun,—one hundred and five years before the transit immediately preceding the last,—astronomers foretold the hour and the second when men might look into the heavens and behold the black circle of Venus upon the glowing disc of the sun. And at the very second prophesied we who looked saw the planet in her place. No human eye which beheld this sight last December* will ever look upon it again; but those who come after us, and who look upward one hundred and twenty-one years hence, on the 7th of June, 2004, at the hour and second next again prophesied, will see the

* December of 1882. This discourse was first delivered (in Rhode Island) in February of 1883.

planet again at her post. And not a minute before that, and not a minute later. There are comets which have sprung upon the sight of men only to vanish again quickly, whose next coming, it is estimated, will be thousands of years hence. But they *will come* at their appointed time.

This responsive action, as I have called it, on the part of all things, to the power which developed and controls them, is seen everywhere. Water does not run up hill, nor does smoke settle in the valleys; the one flows downward, the other ascends. Light and moisture from above, and the rich nourishment of the forces within the ground beneath, are necessary to the growth of the flower and the tree; and the growing plant or sapling reaches upward its leaves and limbs to take the sunlight and the dew, and sends its roots downward into the soil. The roots do not grow upward nor the leaves and branches downward. Constrained by the calls of hunger, only by the satisfaction of which it can continue to live, the lion seeks its prey. So with all the lower animals —*and so with man.*

So with man! The developing spirit is Life. Coming into this Life, and accepting it, and *striving to understand themselves* and their environment,—*impelled*, indeed, to understand these things, by the structure of their being and their necessities,—men discover the way of continued existence and the path of progress. And they discover, moreover, that if they walk in the appointed way,—that is, if they put themselves in unison with the environment of highest Nature about and in them,—live in the highest, truest and best accord and communion with Nature,—they find health and peace.

This discovery of the Way of Life is not something instantaneous,—it is a gradual discovery; gradual in the case of individual men, and especially in the case of mankind as a whole.

But it ever goes on. Men have been thousands of years, scores on scores of thousands of years, in the process of this discovery. And it is only in these later times that the duty of men *towards themselves*, the duty of men *in their own behalf*, in the relation which they bear to the great spirit of life which fills the universe, is coming to be well understood. This divine spirit of life doesn't do everything. *It requires co-operation.* And men at last are beginning vividly to realize that they must indeed work out their own salvation, bodily and spiritual. Moreover, just so far as they do this,—just so far as men are fortunate and happy enough to learn or discover the laws of a prosperous and healthy life, bodily and mental, and *put themselves in accord* with these laws, just so far have they grand and sufficient reason, grander and more sufficient reason than ever before, to look upon the mighty Mystery of Being out of which they have come—the overbrooding spirit of the universe on which they are dependent every moment of their lives—as helper, protector, friend. Whereas, ignorant of the pathway, or refusing to walk in it, men come upon disease and suffering, meet poverty and misfortune, are unjust to each other;—whereupon, in the unfortunate disguise of gods and ghosts, with which disguise misapprehending men have personified them, the varying manifestations of the infinite spirit of life meet contumely! Men foolishly deny, and even curse, the false ideal of deity they themselves have set up, for not being what a real, law-abiding deity *could* never be, and think they have denied the eternal life-spirit! Or their ideal, still personalized, is feared as an enemy, as a taskmaster, and deemed heartless and cruel.

Now, this, friends, manifestly, is the state of things in this universe. Manifestly, throughout the universe, there is the divine, progressive influ-

ence of which I have spoken: the history of the world proves it. If it is not what men ignorantly may have deemed it, still *it is*. That it has its dwelling also in men, and is drawing men towards perfection—towards "righteousness"—the history of the world proves also. And by "righteousness" I mean *rightness*. And not "spiritual" rightness only—religion has not to do with the soul alone, but with the whole man! Not spiritual rightness alone, but physical rightness,—bodily rightness, that is,—and moral rightness. Rightness of total existence!

For, just as the planet, as we have seen, is influenced to a perfect unison with its call to sweep through the eternal orbits; just as the tree and the flower are influenced, by the environment of Nature about them, to a perfect unison with that environment, and could not exist otherwise,—so surrounding man is there likewise an "environment" (so to speak), a series of persistently encircling influences, which forever creates in him—not in any supernatural way, not in any subternatural or preternatural or unnatural way, but which forever creates in him, *by the recognized necessities of his highest and best existence*, that tendency which the ages have long since proved is inherent in him: a tendency whereby, in all times and in all nations, under many and varying conditions, he has been urged to put himself *in accord with the universe*,—in accord with the universe's physical and moral and spiritual forces: which is at the same time to put himself in accord with the infinite spirit of life and of power which is our source and our goal.

To this end,—that men might come into this true communion with the eternal spirit of life *as he saw it*,—Jesus, after his own manner, labored. To this end, *as they saw it* and after *other* manners, consciously or unconsciously, labored Gautama the Buddha, and Mohammed, and every other of

the sincere prophets and heroes of all time. To this end labor to-day, with earnest, loyal, sympathetic souls, all of the sincere and reverent ones, even among the so-called sceptics, the so-called agnostics, the men of science and the upholders of ethical-culture,—who are searching out what *they* honestly deem the true life-spirit; who are *disproving* what they consider superstitions and fallacies concerning "God" and the universe; and who are laboring *to make life truer and nobler* and sweeter and better and higher by telling men *how* they may rise, *how* they may gain health and beauty and comfort and happiness, how they may best elevate themselves, and how elevate mankind as a whole. And all these—from Abraham, who sought "God" in the best way he knew, down through Moses and Jesus and Gautama, and Darwin and Spencer and all the rest,—all these have been and are filled with one and the same "holy spirit"—the holy spirit of the universe's progressive life-force.

> "Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
> Rightly severing that from thine,
> Which is human, which divine."

Now, two things in conclusion, very briefly:

I. First, concerning this present life in its material aspects.

If this is the *true* "holy spirit," and if we become possessed of and animated by this spirit (as we certainly do) the moment we strive to put ourselves in accord with it and with its laws as I have endeavored to interpret it and its laws, then the sooner we endeavor—the sooner mankind as a race endeavors—towards the attainment of this end, the sooner we individually, and the sooner mankind as a race, will "have power." The sooner will there be increased health and happiness in this life here on earth; the greater certainty men will have of leaving to their children

a legacy of health and happiness, thus doing something to make the world brighter and better, tending to relieve mankind from the woes—the poverty, the pain and the sorrow—which come from disease, from the manifold weaknesses of the body induced through ignorance, carelessness, licentiousness, intemperance and over-work. In a word, the sooner will the true Commonwealth of Light and Beauty come on earth, and peace, plenty and blessing have their home in human lives, all men helping each other as brothers. We shall "receive power after that the holy spirit is come upon us."

When a boy, in the church, I used often to wonder—and met others, thinking people, who wondered—that religion should be so "easy" a thing; that "salvation," so far as man is concerned, is something of mere receptivity, something merely passive. No true man or woman wants something for nothing, or for a mere "thank-you." That which we deserve; that which we acquire; that which, by favoring circumstances, we are enabled to *earn*, however bitter or sorrowful the means,—that is truly ours, and that is worth something to us. There is no "salvation" in the mere mental acceptance of the fact of the existence of a "God," or of a supernatural "saviour," nor in merely calling upon their names. From many sources, which may well be called divine, we indeed have *inspiration* to good works, to purity, to perfection. But only so far as we manfully *fight*, struggling ever *towards* purity and perfection, are we "saved." And no man ever yet in this world was completely saved. We all are in process of salvation. And "we have power after that the holy spirit is come upon us,"—the holy spirit, the divine desire and impulse, to strive, ever, to enter into complete communion with the universe, and with that force which is our life.

II. Secondly and lastly, concerning the present life in its spiritual aspects.

If this is the true holy spirit, we have, in contemplation of it, and by putting ourselves in true communion with it, abundant encouragement and inspiration for our souls.

The mighty spirit out of which we have come, of which we are a part, and which one day will receive us back to itself—which already has received back to itself so many of our dear ones—is a spirit of goodness, of tenderness, of helpfulness, *towards all who are in accord with it.* True, the goodness and the tenderness of the universe are mingled at times with apparent harshness; with a bitter severity which we cannot understand. But while we note—*when considered by long reaches*—the constant progress of the world; the evolution in mind and morals which, counting not by years, perhaps, but counting by centuries, by epochs, unceasingly goes on, marking the ever upward growth of men; while we note about us the lavish life and beauty which runs up and down so many meridians of the globe and blossoms along so many parallels; when we look upward at the expanse of the heavens, with its ten thousand worlds and systems of worlds, and note the order and beauty there—knowing as we do the chaos and comparative nothingness of the original mighty nebula from which all this has been evolved; above all, when we look into our own souls, and note the grandeur, the mystery, the infinite possibilities which *there* exist,—into our souls, never satisfied with present attainment, looking always ahead to something more and better, *believing* always in something more and better: when we consider all this, and ponder it well, we are confident—confident enough to at least *dream* of a mighty future before us, a future of peace, of progress, of labor, of attainment. And we trust! We

trust! Notwithstanding the doubt and the darkness, notwithstanding the pain and the suffering, notwithstanding our own weakness and ignorance and pettiness and frivolity, we trust!....

"....trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

And while we know that now and here and forever we receive life and power, and shall continue to receive life and power, in the exact degree in which we are in accord with the infinite spirit of life and power which fills the universe,—a spirit which forever (in the general if indeed not always in the particular) rebukes all wrong and blesses all right,—a spirit which, manifestly, even to our narrow, finite ken, is forever drawing all men nearer and nearer to what we dream of as perfection,—we are encouraged to go on bravely, in faith and in hope.

I, at least, for one, am willing, with the poet Whittier, to

"....trust that he [or it] which heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Which hangs yon alder's crimson beads
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as it hath done, incline
Its gracious care to me and mine,
Grant what we seek aright, from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."

But, as I have endeavored to say before,—as I have endeavored to suggest all through this discourse,—man himself must *work*.

Here are all beneficent forces. Here is the eternal life-breath of the universe ever around us and within us—Is it not written in your law, "I said, *Ye are Gods*"? Here are all things for our

physical and mental and moral and spiritual growth. One thing only is needful: that in us may be born the sublime desire and purpose to *manifest* our human divinity! To live, as we should, aright. To make ourselves a providence to ourselves, and to our fellows. To build up, here and now, *on earth*, a noble and a lofty heaven,—a heaven of labor and faithful inquiry; a heaven of ever new attainment; a heaven of universal good-will, of unremitting love and endeavor in behalf of an ideal humanity. And truly, with such thought as *this* of a "holy spirit," with such belief as this, if we put our thought and belief into helpful act, there will come to us blessing and helpfulness and peace. While if we act *not*,—if we think and study and plan and struggle *not*,—then are our belief and our preaching vain, and we are yet in our sins.

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PERSONAL EXPRESSIONS.

An aged man, a physician,—of whom we know nothing except that he ordered a copy of the book,—writes: "I have read with delight the little book, 'Uplifts of Heart and Will.' I am now nearly 62 years of age, and have lived a lonely life as regards the satisfying of my liberal religious aspirations. Your little book fills a void in my soul's loneliness which I have suffered for more than 40 years."

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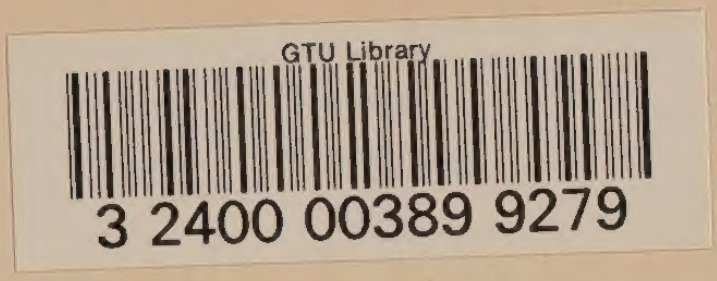

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